

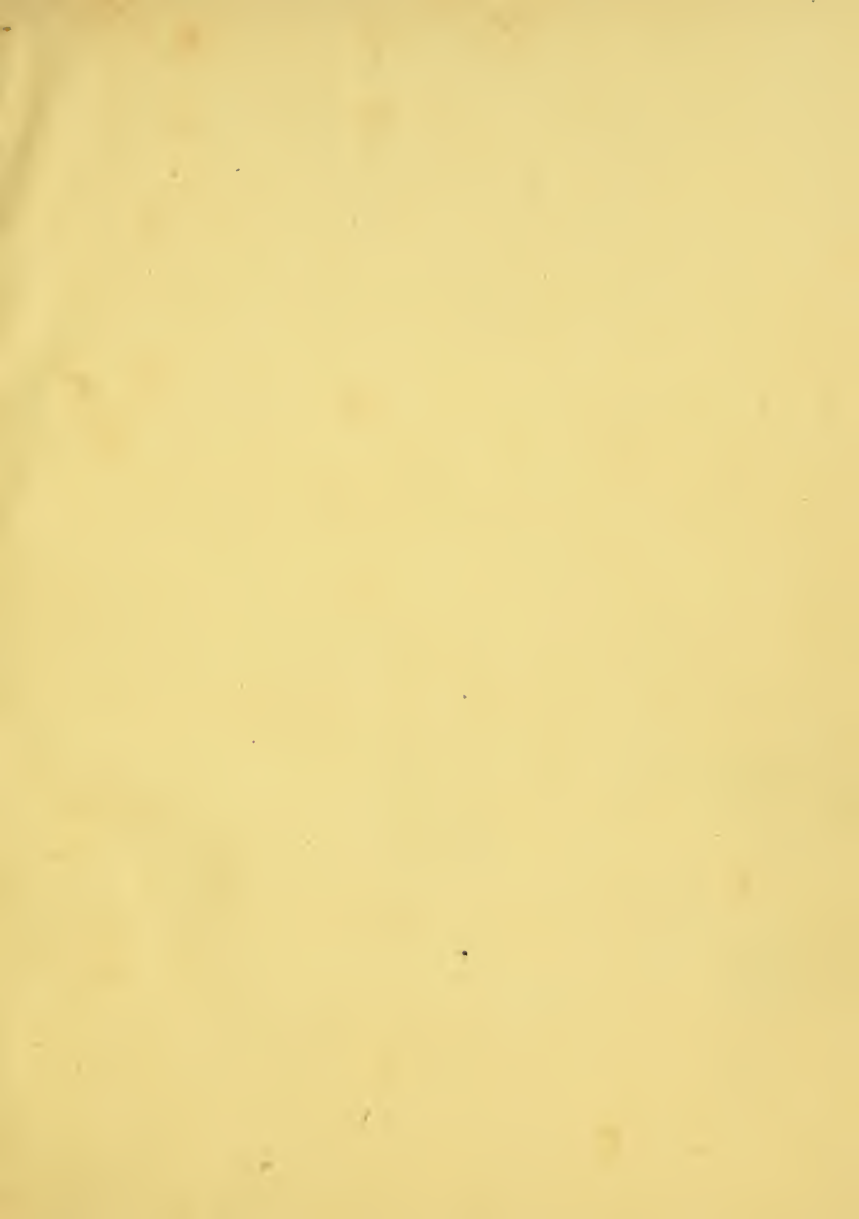
HOW
TO BELIEVE
BY
MRS. MONROE

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*As for the wise, their
body alone perishes in
this world — Rashi*

853.



AT HOME AND ABROAD;

OR,

How to Behave.

BY

MRS. MANNERS,

AUTHOR OF "PLEASURE AND PROFIT."

"Politeness, is to do and say,
The kindest things in the kindest way."



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Preface.

IF any apology be needed for the publication of a little book, which has, for its sole aim, the benefit of the young, the author might reasonably plead the high degree of favour with which most of its chapters were received as they appeared in the pages of a popular Juvenile Magazine. At the earnest solicitation of many friends, the correctness of whose judgment is not to be called in question, a more convenient and permanent form is now given to those sketches; and they are sent forth with the hope and the prayer that they may help to form the manners, and elevate the character of many, who are to be, in their turn, the guardians and teachers of a future generation of children.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1853.

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At Home and Abroad.

Introduction.

WHY WE SHOULD LEARN TO BEHAVE.

WHEN I was an infant school scholar—it is no matter how long ago, for what was true then is true now—I learned a rhyming definition of Politeness, which it would be well for young people and old to remember. It was this:—

“Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.”

It is a golden saying. It is indeed *the* “golden rule,” whose beautiful spirit pervades all the teachings of our Saviour and his Apostles. It is the secret by which we are able to make all around us happy. It is the secret of much, indeed of *most* of the good done in the world; and to do good, and to cause happiness, is the surest way of fulfilling the great end of our lives, which is “the glory of God.”

The object of this little book is not simply to fit you, my young readers, for society ; not alone to teach what is necessary in order to become ladies and gentlemen, by which words I mean persons of refinement and elegant habits and manners ; it is to aid in the practice of that charity without which all gifts and graces profit nothing ; it is to aid in the great life-duty to “our neighbour ;” it is, in fine, to aid in carrying out Christ’s Golden Rule :—

“All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

This is the great reason for learning *to behave*, for learning true politeness—because Christ commands it ; and all his life, so divinely devoted to the good of others, enforces it. He was the great teacher of Politeness, and he instructed us that it should come from our hearts, and thus overflow our lips and pervade our lives.



CHAPTER I.

BEHAVIOUR AT THE TABLE.

THOSE people who are impolite are generally so because they were not taught when young to check their own selfish inclinations, and to be thoughtful of the comfort of those around them. No where is this selfishness, which is unfortunately so natural to us, more disagreeable than at the table. Display it in refined society, and you are at once pronounced a *vulgar* person.

Besides this selfishness, there are bad habits which little people fall into from carelessness that are very annoying to well-bred people. To avoid giving annoyance is one way of showing your kindliness, and desire to please and make happy. I will therefore give you some "hints" which most grown-up persons understand, but which children have to be taught either by precept or example.

Those who are truly well bred are always the same, whether there is any one to observe them or not. They do not keep manners for company, which is quite as great an evidence of vulgarity as no manners at all. Those of you who have had the advantage of good examples before you all your lives, are not to be offended

because some of these rules have been always observed by you. I know many who err in these things, not willingly, but from ignorance; and very few are perfect in that exact good breeding which renders one an agreeable companion at the table.

There is a story told of one of the most distinguished men our country ever produced, and one whose death we are now mourning as a recent event, that when a youth he was fitting for college in a certain town in New England, and boarding in the family of some ladies of refinement. They saw that their young guest was possessed of wonderful talents, and lamented that he was so very awkward that it would be likely to form a great drawback to him in society.

"Did you observe, sister, how clumsily he holds his knife and fork, always contriving to scatter and spill his food? How shall we manage to show him better, and yet avoid hurting his feelings?"

Their nephew, whose father was a wealthy and elegant resident of one of the Southern cities, said at once:

"Let me arrange it, aunt. I will hold my knife and fork awkwardly, but not just as he does, or he may think it is done to mortify him, and you can speak to me about it at the table, and show me how to manage them properly."

Thus it was agreed upon to do; and ——, who was never unobservant of anything said in his presence, learned at once not only how to use his knife and fork, but many other little matters, from the instructions thus kindly given by the good ladies. They appreciated the disadvan-

tage of unrefined table manners, and he, with his mighty intellect, which perhaps would have always excused any clumsiness in the eyes of the world, was thankful to them for hints on table etiquette.

The first thing to be said, because the most disagreeable to observe in others, is this. Never go to the table with untidy clothes or disorderly hair; and if you have unfortunately done so, do not call attention to the fact by trying to arrange them after you are seated there. I hope you will *always*, though perhaps you are very young yet, have a clean face, clean hands, and neatly-trimmed fingernails. You must be particularly careful in regard to your nails, for when long and dirty they are excessively disgusting; and if you have been employed upon dirty work, it will take but a minute to remove the traces of it from your nails. Do this in your own room, or where you wash your hands, for it is ill-bred to do it before people, as washing your face would be, or arranging your dress or hair.

Having taken your seat at the table, do not sit so far from it that there will be danger of dropping your food into your lap, but sufficiently nigh to incline your head over your plate, which should be near the edge of the table. Do not lean your arms on the table, or loll over it, but sit quietly and uprightly in your chair; and if a blessing is besought, look reverently down or close your eyes till it is over.

If you are served with soup at a strange table, do not refuse it, though you may not wish it, but take it and sip

a little, or eat the bread which accompanies it, that you may not make your hostess feel uncomfortable, or disturb the order of the meal by putting her to the trouble of helping you to fish or meat before others are ready for it.

When eating fish, use your fork and a piece of bread to separate it, and remove the bones; it is just as easy to do, and it does not leave the strong fish taste and smell on the steel. Remove the meat from all kinds of bones before raising it to your mouth.

If you are asked what you would like at the table, reply quickly and distinctly, and do not hesitate or change your mind, or say you "don't know;" all this takes the time of others, and calls attention to your capricious appetite. Above all things, you are to avoid at the table, as elsewhere, singularity in tastes and habits, as this calls attention to you, and causes remarks, which is unpleasant.

If you are served without being asked what you wish, it is not worth while usually to refuse anything; you can lay it upon one side of your plate, and after a while ask for something you like better.

If a choice of a part of a fowl be offered to you, say what you really prefer, unless you know another wishes it, and perceive there is not enough for both of you. Then kindness, or true politeness, requires that you shall not name it, but express a willingness to take any part.

CHAPTER II.

BEHAVIOUR AT THE TABLE, CONCLUDED.

BEFORE I proceed with the rules and instructions I am giving you, I wish to relate a little anecdote, which enforces what I have said about singularity of taste, also about refusing the first course at a table.

I was once invited, with a young friend, to a little entertainment given in the evening to a half a dozen select friends. The first course was oysters, which were served in various styles, and were most deliciously prepared in every way. The table was rendered as tempting as possible by a profusion of silver and crystal, and the finest of snow-white linen. All the company were made so comfortable, were so well pleased with the entertainers and entertainment, that they were all smiles, and abounded in the clever and brilliant conversation for which many of them were distinguished.

My young and inexperienced friend would not for the world have caused a shade to fall over one face in such a circle—but she erred thus, of course not considering how such a little thing would appear.

"My dear," said the hostess, "will you have some of these stewed oysters?"

"No, I thank you."

"Perhaps you would prefer an oyster *pâté*?"

"No, I thank you," she answered, getting very bashful, however.

"Mr. —," said the lady, addressing her husband, "will you give Miss — some of those broiled oysters?"

"Thank you, Madam, I do not wish *any* oysters."

"Well, have some butter to eat with your bread?"

"I never eat butter, thank you."

"What! never eat butter! What do you live on?"

"Perhaps she lives on observation," said a lady by the hostess, in a low voice.

It was an unkind and therefore impolite remark—but Miss Ella had provoked it by a singularity of taste which inevitably annoyed the hostess, and made her feel that, with all her careful forethought, there was one guest whom she had failed to please. Can you not, little reader, see from this why we are to be observant and careful of the feelings of others in very small and apparently unimportant matters?

I have seen young people use their own knife in helping themselves to butter, and their own fork in taking articles of food which had a fork laid by them for use. Those who would do this would be very likely to eat with their knives instead of forks or spoons; the gravy, or whatever else was on it when it left your mouth, is now transferred to the butter, to the annoyance and probably

disgust of those who next take some. The same thing may be said of putting your knife into the salt, or your spoon into the sugar.

Do not butter your bread in mouthfuls at a time, or holding the slice off your plate in your hand; the plate is the proper place on which to prepare this, as everything else.

When you wish to call servants, motion to them; and if they do not understand you, speak in a low but distinct tone to them. In sending up your plate by them, place your knife and fork securely on it, unless there is a knife-rest near you and for your use. You would soil the tablecloth by laying them down on it, and to hold them in your hand is very awkward.

Be careful in serving another from a dish near you, as you may often be required to do, not to strew what you are serving over the plate, but place it where it was evidently designed to go.

Stir up gravies or sauces before serving them, and do not spill them on the cloth, or over the sides of the dishes containing them. If you are quiet, and careful, and do not allow yourself to get flurried in serving or eating, you may avoid all such awkward accidents as spilling coffee or water, or dropping your food, or your knife, fork, or spoon.

If you have acquired the habit of drinking tea and coffee, do not pour them out into the saucer to cool: saucers were made to hold the cup; they are not properly shaped for drinking. Never blow your tea, or coffee, or

any of your food; it sends your breath into the faces of those near you.

When your cup has a handle, as is usual now, raise it by it; and in drinking, incline your head sufficiently to allow of the cup remaining over the saucer, or raise the saucer to it with the other hand.

Never drink or speak with anything in your mouth. Do not watch others while preparing their food, or eating or drinking, and do not look around while you have a cup or tumbler raised to your mouth.

Be especially careful to make as little noise as possible with your lips, or teeth, or throat, while eating or drinking, or swallowing, particularly if eating an apple, or any thing hard. Observe if you now have this bad habit of careless eating, and make a change for the better as soon as possible. I have often known persons of delicate appetite utterly unable to eat anything because they were seated near those who were ill-bred in this respect.

Drink quickly and deliberately, that you may not spill, or choke, or sputter, and always wipe your mouth with the napkin immediately after.

Do not break up your bread on the cloth more than you can avoid, and do not make it up into little pellets, or balls; or drum on the table with your fingers while you are waiting for anything.

Do not load your plate with what you do not want, or with much more than you can eat; when a rare dish is placed upon the table, do not show greediness by eating immoderately of it. Remember that others may like it as

well as yourself, and let their moderation be an example to you. Never eat greedily of anything, no matter how much you may like it, and have the discretion when you have eaten enough, to cease. It is very disgusting to hear people tell how many buckwheat cakes, or how many eggs they can eat; this looks very much like living only for the gratification of your animal nature, and places you on a level with brutes.

Eat just enough while you are at the table to last till it is meal-time again; then you have no need to carry any thing away with you, or to go to your mother, or to the housekeeper, for the keys to get something to eat "between meals." It is an unhealthy, as well as an ill-bred habit; if you accustom yourselves to eating regularly and as much as you need at your meals, you will never have any disposition to eat at other times.

If you are at a strange table and the hostess urges you to partake of any particular dish, do so to gratify her, even though you eat but little of it. You may thus learn to eat something you otherwise would not, and it is well to be able to make a meal of anything that is wholesome, both for your own comfort and that of others, who might be much annoyed if you said you could not eat what they had provided for you. *Daintiness is almost as disagreeable a fault as greediness.*

When you ask for any thing, say, "I will thank you," or, "please hand" or "pass" or "serve me," or "I will take it, if you please." To refuse, say, "No, sir, I thank you," or "I am very well served, thank you."

Do not eat hurriedly, it is unhealthy; for you cannot masticate your food properly, and it is also ungraceful. If you have guests, be careful not to finish before they do, as it might make them think they were eating too much or too long.

Leave your napkin beside your plate, not in it, nor in your chair. Place your tumbler or cup and saucer near your plate, and lay your knife and fork upon it, side by side. Put your spoon in your cup. If you wish more tea, it is customary to signify it by putting the spoon into the saucer.

When you leave the table before the family, it is a good custom to ask the lady of the house to excuse you. But where this is not required, look towards her with a slight inclination of the head, as you quietly move your chair.

There is one more *very* essential thing to be said. Observe, without appearing to do so, if any one near you seems to wish for anything to which you can assist them. *To take care of yourself alone at the table, is unpardonably selfish.*



CHAPTER III.

THE CARELESS GUEST.

SAID Mr. Erskine one morning at the breakfast-table, "Carrie, I find John Hanson will be in town to-day, and he so seldom shows himself here, that I should like to bring him home to dinner with me, if you feel equal to the exertion of entertaining a guest."

Mrs. Erskine was truly embarrassed; she was very much of an invalid, and sat there supporting her head on her hand, and thinking she must lie down as soon as her husband had gone to his office. Now John Hanson was Mr. Erskine's cousin, his companion at school and college, and perhaps he loved him more than any man living. Indeed, Mr. Hanson was worthy of much love, and of great respect. He had a large, unselfish heart, and had been of great assistance to Mr. Erskine in early life, when adversity had almost crushed out all ambition and all hope from his soul. There was no end to the self-denial which John Hanson could and did practise continually to gain the means of doing good. Moreover, he was a ripe scholar, very profound in all his attainments, and gifted with a rare degree of literary taste. Could it be possible that there was a reason why Mr. Erskine should

hesitate before bringing home such a friend, so good, upright, wise and generous?

Yes, there was a reason, and Mrs. Erskine knew it, though she had never yet seen the gentleman. With all his refinement of soul, and with all his good heart, he lacked refinement of manner to a sad degree. His awkwardness, his mistakes, his carelessness of all rules of etiquette, were proverbial; and Mrs. Erskine, besides being an invalid, was a person of great elegance of manner; the two combining, gave her now a nervous fastidiousness which was very mortifying and annoying to her, and which made her husband very careful in his manner towards her, and in his selection of guests.

Still she was a sensible woman, and a good wife, and she did not hesitate long.

"Bring him home with you, by all means, Harry. If I cannot make myself agreeable to good, noble John Hanson, I am not worthy to be your wife."

The husband appreciated the love which prompted her reply, and kissing her pale cheek as he left the house, he whispered,

"You are worthy of 'a king in state,' dear wife. Take a glass of wine, as Dr. Lewis recommends, with your luncheon this morning, and make as much of that meal as possible," he added significantly.

Five o'clock in the afternoon was the dinner hour, and punctually as the dinner was served in that well-regulated household, the family, with their guest, took their seats at the table. Mrs. Erskine had given Mr. Hanson a cordial

greeting, though her heart misgave her, as she could but notice the coarse, untidy hand, surrounded by a soiled wristband, evidently unbuttoned, which grasped hers. She looked at his face for a relief from the disagreeable sensation; and alas! in the wide, smiling mouth, were teeth quite ignorant of the advantages of a tooth-brush, and discoloured by the free use of the cigar, and his head was almost "Medusean" with its wiry locks. Mr. Erskine had politely offered him the use of a dressing-room and toilet apparatus, but Mr. Hanson said, "Oh, no, Harry, I have not been hoeing or digging ditches; there is no necessity for any such trouble."

After pulling the table-cloth awry, and upsetting the chair next to him, in taking his seat, he commenced eating his soup. "Ship," "ship," "sloop," "sloop," said every mouthful, to the amusement of Mrs. Erskine's little brother, James Gray, and to the annoyance of the lady herself. While talking to Mr. Erskine, the careless guest let a large piece of bread drop into his plate of soup—this he removed in an absent-minded manner, and laid upon the elegant linen, saturated as it was with the rich soup.

When the next course came, he ate his fish with his knife, and then thrust the knife into the butter. When eating roast beef he helped himself from the gravy-boat, suffering the spoon to spill its contents half across the table. The tomato sauce went over the butter and salt in the same manner; particles of potatoes and a piece of the egg-plant were landed in the salt; the vinegar cruet was overturned, but fortunately the attentive waiter pre-

vented any damage from it. Not so with his glass of claret, which he set down half on a piece of bread, and which, in spilling, made of course one of those ugly stains which it is so difficult to remove from linen.

Mrs. Erskine could hardly repress a groan as an elegant dish of custard, heaped with the snowy foam, was placed on the table with the dessert, and she tried in vain to keep James from whispering to her, "More sloop, eh, sister!" After this, and various nice dishes in which her cook was skilled, came the fruit: the peaches were eaten without peeling, and over the table, having pushed his plate aside, of course there were streams of the juice, which he removed from his hands by the aid of the fine white napkin, quite regardless of the *doily* offered him by the servant. He dropped his fork, and poured out his coffee, served in tiny cups, as it was, to cool it; he scattered water-melon seeds and crumbs of cheese on the floor when he arose from the table, and poor Mrs. Erskine tried hard to be smiling and polite, and to feel truly amiable towards him. She had not eaten anything herself save a small piece of bread; although she tried not to see—and any one who did not know her, would have supposed that all these awkward, disagreeable things were quite unnoticed by her, yet she had seen and heard all; and to have eaten any dinner herself would have been a task she could not bring herself to.

John Hanson talked well, even eloquently; and if she could have listened without regard to her duties as lady of the house, and without caring to eat, Mrs. Erskine would have enjoyed his conversation. His letters were

noble epistles, so sincere and manly, and elegantly written ; they always charmed her. So would his conversation have done, if she had not first seen him at table, and when she was under the influence of a nervous delicacy which shrunk from all he did with disgust.

"Brother Harry," said James Gray, that evening, when the guest was gone, "why does Mr. Hanson eat so strangely? I never saw such large mouthfuls go into a person's mouth ; and sometimes, when he tipped his knife in raising it, half of the load went into his lap or on the floor."

"James, I thought you were too much of a gentleman to see such things," said Mrs. Erskine.

"Oh, sister, I saw you shiver when he 'slooped' in his soup and 'gulped' down glass after glass of water ; and Jacob had a hard time to keep from laughing at a great many things."

"If Jacob *had* laughed he would have deserved to lose his place ; and if you observe a person with such unfortunate habits, James, you ought to be thankful that your mother and sisters have taught you better, and consider attentively whether you are quite perfect in table manners. Did I not hear you say 'yes' when Carrie offered you a piece of toast to-day—and did you not tell me 'No, I don't want any,' when I offered you the melon? Did you not call Jacob with an expression of disgust on your face which was quite revolting, to take away your coffee, because 'you didn't drink flies'—one chancing, in spite of all Jacob's care of the dining-room, to alight

on the edge of the cup and lose his balance on the wrong side? Did I not hear you say the other day that you could eat rice cakes as long as you sit up, and did I not see you take up a piece of cold meat that hot morning, and smell it, to be sure it was sweet? You must be careful, James, that you are without sin, yourself, before you cast a stone at an offender."

James was crimson with mortification. He was observant of some rules of good breeding, and careless or ignorant of others. He could but acknowledge the truth of all his brother-in-law had said and he had the grace to reply,—

"I beg pardon, Brother Harry; I was very rude to observe and remark on those things. I knew Mr. Hanson was such a good man and so very clever, I was not prepared for such carelessness at the table."

"It is a great disadvantage to John that he is so ungraceful," said Mr. Erskine, "but he is less in fault than you would suppose. He never had the opportunity of profiting by female example or precept—his childhood was passed with an old nurse and a bachelor uncle, as eccentric as himself—his youth at school and college; and his manhood is blest with no sweet sunshine of woman's refining graces. He boards at a hotel, and seldom visits. So we can only lament his fault, and excuse him for what would be a thousand times more excusable in the brother or husband of Carrie Erskine."

CHAPTER IV.

PERSONAL HABITS.

THE Chinese have a proverb like this. "*You should never rub your eyes except with your elbows.*" This would be a very good rule applied to other features. Some little ill-bred children have a way of using their hands about their hair, or ears, or nose, which is very disagreeable. You will understand what I mean without my saying more upon the subject, for I doubt not many of you have been cautioned not to do these very things.

It is wonderful how unconscious a person is of such a habit, and how it will cling to him. I knew a lady who is now of middle age, and she still sucks her thumb when reading or studying—for she is even now a scholar, though a learned one. I knew a gentleman also, who never could break himself of a habit of biting his nails. He, too, is a literary man, and a close student. He will sit all day in his library, intent over a huge volume, and utterly forgetful of every thing around him, quite unconscious that there is an external world; and when he joins his family, at the end of the day, his nails will be eaten off "to the quick," and really very painful. He has tried in many

ways to overcome the habit—such as putting on them something which would taste disagreeably, or tying cloths around them, or wearing gloves. He is only conscious for the time of a great annoyance, and the moment it is removed he relapses into his old bad way.

Sometimes people get a habit of spitting—which they do with much noise, as though it gave them an air of importance. The inhabitants of the United States are notorious for it. It accompanies the bad custom of smoking, or chewing tobacco—and it is one of the disagreeable and painful consequences of a bad cold, or of some diseases. That any one, not suffering from these causes, should allow such a habit to grow upon them, is very surprising.

Again, I have met persons who suck the air through their teeth with a loud noise. This is done by such as have hollow and decayed teeth, and particles of food lodge in them, and trouble, or give them pain; but they should find some way of removing the annoyance, without disturbing their neighbours with it. I have actually heard this done in company, and in church.

Others are in the habit of removing with the tongue food which has lodged about the mouth, in the cheek, or under the tongue itself. Eating is so entirely a sensual, animal gratification, that unless it is conducted with much delicacy, it becomes unpleasant to others. To open the mouth wide, pick teeth at the table, or roll the tongue or the food about, is inexcusable, unless the napkin is used as a shield, which can be done in cases of great necessity.

There is a second kind of personal habits to which I

now call your attention. I mean that necessary care of the person or dress which is peculiar to the well-bred.

Commencing with the hair. Can anything be more disgusting than this when it is neglected? The hair was given to us as an ornament, and with many persons it is a great charm. But hardly one person in fifty uses the brush as much as neatness and elegance require. A good stiff brush is much more serviceable than an ivory comb. It keeps the hair in better order, and injures the head less. I have heard of some who regularly give their hair a hundred strokes of the brush every day. I would dare say such persons have glossy and handsome locks, which are always beautiful to look at. Neither water, nor oil, nor any of the various preparations in use as restoratives, are needed to make hair shine which is thus brushed.

Be very careful not to allow your brush to remain wet, or to shut it up while wet in a close drawer; and do not put much water upon your hair, especially in summer. I know some estimable people whose presence is anything but agreeable, simply because their neglected hair surrounds them with such an unpleasant odour. Perspiration of the head and feet, retained in the first instance by the hair, and in the other by the closely fitting shoe, soon becomes unbearable in very warm weather. You cannot, then, pay too great attention to cleanliness, for health's sake, and for your own comfort and that of your friends.

There is quite a foolish custom, which some indulge, of using perfumery; unless perfumes are particularly choice, and all such are very expensive, they soon lose their plea-

sant odour, and become offensive. You can get pleasant perfumes for clothes and drawers, put up in silk bags or in paper, which are not liable to this objection. Of course every thing acquires from such only a subtle, delicate fragrance, which can offend no one.

Often in churches, or in crowded places of public assemblage, when you crave every breath of fresh unpolluted air, a person near you will flourish a pocket handkerchief loaded with musk, that most nauseating of perfumes, or combinations of scents, which render the air so offensive as sometimes to produce sickness, and fainting. Any one thus scented becomes a nuisance, and I would quickly avoid a person with whom such things were habitual.

Make plentiful use of *good soap*, and you will be a much more welcome companion than if your garments are odorous of bad cologne. Indeed, this excessive use of perfumery is now generally confined to the vulgar, who are deficient in the good sense, or the good breeding, which should teach them better.

The teeth should have, of right, much more time and care than is usually accorded to them. They positively require a careful cleansing three times a day ; certainly every morning and night, to preserve them from decay, and to keep the breath pure and inoffensive. Clean teeth all can have ; those who do not, violate propriety most sadly. A mouth exhibiting an unsightly row of black or yellow teeth will never tempt kisses, you may be very sure.

Is there anything else to notice under the title of "personal faults?" Ah! yes. The hair may be evenly parted and smoothly brushed, the teeth may rival pearls in colour and purity, contrasting beautifully with the coral lips; the atmosphere around you may be left unpolluted by vile perfumery, and yet your dress may be so much neglected, or so carelessly arranged, as to give great offence to the eye trained to neatness and order. A little girl who is slip-shod, or wears carelessly gartered stockings, or a boy with unblackened boots or shoes, is inexcusable. A hook off, a rent pinned up day after day, a soiled under garment, showing a skirt coming below the dress, or a stocking or glove needing mending, are sad indications of indolent carelessness in a girl. So do buttons unfastened, and tumbled or soiled linen, speak against a boy. All these things are so many enemies to beauty and propriety. *Avoid them, as you would be welcomed by your friends, or prove attractive to strangers.*



CHAPTER V.

THE ILL-BRED LITTLE GIRLS.

I WAS once paying a visit to some friends who had other guests besides myself staying with them. One of them, named Mrs. Armstrong, had a little girl about eight or nine years old, who annoyed our hostess very much by her ill-breeding.

Whenever the ladies were receiving company in the drawing-room, Anna Armstrong was in the habit of coming into the room and standing before the guests, looking them in the face constantly, and getting into her possession their bags, fans or card-cases, which she amused herself with, by clasping and unclasping, opening and shutting them, to the great injury of the articles, soiling and tearing them very much. This disturbs a person exceedingly, for while they do not like to be impolite to the mother by reproving the child, they dislike equally to see such elegant and costly articles ruined.

Sometimes Anna would run in, when she heard a carriage stop at the door, and, regardless of her torn and soiled apron, and dress, and pantalettes, or her rumpled hair, would stand up before the strangers or peep into the

parlour. If refreshments were handed round, she followed the waiter with longing eyes, and would not be satisfied till she had "grabbed" at the cake or fruit, or, at least, had some given her.

If a lady took her seat at the piano, Anna planted herself close to her and scrutinized her face and dress, in a very unpleasant manner. Although she often forced Mrs. Escott to send her from the room, she would leave it very reluctantly, looking around and pouting, and returning at the first opportunity.

Anna had an elder sister, named Maria, a rather clever, but very forward girl, of thirteen years. When she was dressed to go out with her mother, she showed as much vanity as a peacock. She paraded before every large mirror in the house, and then seated herself with much complacency on the sofa, spreading out her skirts and practising "company manners," which were composed of a great many airs, mixed with a little politeness.

I have heard her entertaining girls of her own age with the *cost*, very frequently exaggerated, of the various articles of her own dress, and inquiring the prices of theirs.

"Oh," said Lou Emerson, "I wish there never was such a thing as money. Maria Armstrong has so much to say about it; it seems to me very vulgar to have so much to say about the *cost* of things. I don't think any more of a dress because it *cost* a dollar a yard; I like it for being pretty, or comfortable."

"Yes," replied Eleanor, her sister, to whom she was speaking. "I am convinced of one thing. Maria Arm-

strong must once have had very mean, cheap clothes, or the fact that those she wears now cost so much money would not be noticed by her. I am sure, when people have so much to say about money, that it is a new thing with them to have enough of it."

"Well, people who have just grown rich are so vulgar," said Lou.

"You are mistaken in that remark, my daughter," said Mrs. Emerson. "You should have said vulgar people are still more disagreeable when they become rich. Families often become wealthy who gain refinement by the new advantages at their command, or who had inherited refinement, and thus give themselves no airs. Vulgarity will betray itself, under elegant as well as coarse attire. Sustained by the assurance of wealth, it becomes more obtrusive and disgusting. But it is the offspring of no condition, and almost as frequently rides in a carriage as goes on foot."

I must not omit to mention Maria's vanity in regard to her music: she does play very well *for a little girl*, but it seldom takes much of young people's music to satisfy older persons. Maria did not know this. When asked to play, she complied instantly, which is right; but she continued at the piano till all her listeners heartily repented having placed her there.

In conversation she was very pert; she answered with assurance all kinds of questions, frequently interrupted the conversation of older persons, and laughed and talked very loudly. Her noisy and impertinent manners soon dis-

gusted all sensible people. She *ordered* her father and mother to do what she wished, and was continually saying, she intended "*to make* papa carry her to Savannah," &c.

The mother of these girls was a weak woman, as you may judge. When first married she had to practise much self-denial, and to assume a large share of the labour of the household. Being rather delicate in appearance, she soon grew to consider herself a great invalid, when Mr. Armstrong's purse allowed of indulgence in such an expensive whim. The greatest evidence of her lack of breeding was shown in the delight she took in detailing to those around her the peculiar symptoms of her illness. Trifling as they might be, they were minutely given, and it was no matter how indelicate or unpleasant they were. She also repeated, in minute particulars, every case of sickness that had ever occurred in her house, from Maria's scarlet fever to Anne's measles, from *their* convulsions when teething, to her husband's present affliction of boils.

Mr. Armstrong was in business connection with Mr. Escott, and Mrs. Escott had politely invited the family to her house when they came to the city. She sincerely repented doing so, and takes the case as a warning when tempted now to similar hospitalities.



CHAPTER VI.

BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

ONE Sabbath, while at church, I was very much annoyed by the unruly conduct of some children who occupied a pew in front of me. There was a little boy about four years old, and two girls, of seven and nine years; they were pretty, well-dressed children, and their pleasant faces at first won my admiration, for I dearly love all good children. By and by, Charlie grew very restless: he pulled Jane's handkerchief away from her, and put it up to his face, resting his arm on his mother's hymn-book, and pretending to go to sleep; so in a moment his little head was bobbing this way and that, as he had seen grown people's heads when they were so unfortunate as to fall asleep in church. Jane was quite angry at first, because her handkerchief was gone, and was just about to give Master Charlie a good pinch; but he looked so funny with his eyes shut, while his rosy little mouth was dimpling with smiles, and his fat cheeks, poked out by the handkerchief, shaking, as his head popped about, that Jane began to laugh; then Ella laughed, and then Mrs. Ogden turned round and saw all that was going on.

She put mischievous little Charlie on the other side of her, and for a few moments all was quiet. But Charlie had gotten his mother's pencil out of her bag, and was busy in making all kinds of figures in the hymn-book, and when the leaf got to looking very badly, he tore it out with considerable noise. Again Mrs. Ogden interfered and took away the book.

Just at this time Ella yawned aloud, and Jane commenced kicking her heels against the seat. I really pitied poor Mrs. Ogden. I found it almost impossible to fix my mind on the sermon, and I was sure *she* must find it quite impossible to attend to it. Finally, Charlie went to sleep, and his mother put his head in her lap; then Ella fell asleep and Jane considerably stopped kicking, and let Ella's head rest on her shoulder; but now the sermon was almost finished, and when it was done, and the congregation arose to sing, both children awoke, Charlie cross and Ella stupid. I thought again, "poor Mrs. Ogden!"

I have a few words to add to little children who go to church. Do you ever think when Sunday comes, and you go up to the house of God, that you go there to offer praise and prayer to the Heavenly Father who gives you every good thing which makes your home happy and your life pleasant? Do you remember that God sees you when you are playing and trifling in His house and in His presence? If you cannot understand the minister very well, listen the more attentively; you will be sure to understand some things he says, and you can remember others to ask your parents about when you get home. You will

find that you will get too much interested to go to sleep, and will learn to be very careful how you disturb the devotions of others. Now here are a few rules, easily remembered.

Do not whisper, or laugh, or yawn aloud.

Make no unnecessary noise moving your feet, blowing your nose, or coughing.

Try not to go to sleep. Do not eat anything in church. Do not gaze about in prayer-time. Do not read your Sunday School books. Do not try to learn your Sunday School lessons. Do not read in the Hymn-book or Prayer-book. Do not tease mamma, nor stare at strangers.



CHAPTER VII.

TRUE POLITENESS IS UNSELFISHNESS.

IT is often forgotten by young people that there is just as much reason for politeness and disinterested kindness at home as abroad. Those immediately about you, with whom you associate every day, are most dependent upon you for happiness; and kind and loving words, considerate and gentle services, go a great ways towards making happiness. If your hearts are loving, you can hardly fail to be polite. But if you cherish selfish, ungrateful, churlish feelings, you will find it very difficult, indeed I may say impossible, to pass for a lady or a gentleman. The first thing you are to do, when you are considering an improvement in your manners, is to look into your hearts, and see that all is right there. Remember that Golden Rule, which is the fountain-head of true politeness.

Let me now suggest one or two instances in which the difference is most manifest between a selfish, and an unselfish or truly polite child.

It is quite cold weather, and two or three children are seated by a cheerful fire. I will call them James, Ellen, and Mary. James is reading, Ellen has a lap full of

strips of paper, and is busy making up lamp-lighters; Mary is kicking her feet against Ellen's chair, and jogging her elbow, now and then, just as she is starting a roll of paper, when it is desirable her hand should be steady. Now Mary is a sweet name, I think, a sweet Scripture name, and I always look for a good child when I hear one called by it. We shall see if Mary Reese deserves to bear that name.

It is supper-time, and Mr. Reese and Robert, who is his eldest son, and assists him in his store, have come home. James silently rises and takes a little stool by the table, where he can go on with his book, and his father, as he takes James's chair by the warm fire, says—

“Thank you, my dear boy; will you not be cold so far off from the fire?”

See what a pleasant and loving word James's politeness won for him from his father, who knew how to encourage children in such unselfish acts!

“Oh no! I am warm, papa, and can see better here.”

Now this was quite true, but he could not feel the pleasant glow of the fire at all; and he said this that his father might not think he had deprived him of any comfort, which feeling would take away from his satisfaction, as he enjoyed the warm seat.

Mary had a good place next the fire, in the warmest corner; and when she saw Robert looking so cold and uncomfortable, his hands quite stiff, and his nose red and looking altogether as if the fire would be most agreeable to him, it was supposed she would do for him as she would

have wanted him to do for her; that is, that she would have jumped up and said—

“Take this seat, brother; it is a very warm one, and you look quite frozen.”

No, selfish little Mary Reese did no such thing. She even pretended not to see that Robert wanted to come near the fire, nor would she draw her chair an inch nearer to the wall, that he might put another in between Ellen and herself. Ellen acted very differently; she looked up and encountered Robert’s wistful eye, for all this happened in much less time than I can tell it, and almost before Robert could speak, she had gathered in one mass the papers and lamp-lighters, regardless of crushing the latter in her haste, and said—

“Here, brother Robert, is a nice warm place! How cold you are! You must have had a hard walk from the store to-night, and the wind right in your face all the way. Poor blue hands, how cold they are too! let me rub them in my warm ones.”

Do you wonder “brother Robert” took the little girl upon his knee and kissed her, and called her “darling little Nell”—and that when he took from his pocket two rosy-cheeked apples, he gave the largest and fairest to the good sister?

By and by, Mary Reese may acquire a certain ease and grace or dignity of manners, which, with the aid of good taste in dress, and in points of etiquette, will enable her to appear well in society. But Ellen will always be the true lady, the “*gentlewoman*,” as the old phrase was.

CHAPTER VIII

BAD HABITS PECULIAR TO BOYS.

“MY boys are very loveable till they outgrow baby-hood, and begin to show themselves to be *boys*, coarse, ungainly, and unloving. I wish they could go with one bound from three years old to twenty-one,” said the mother of a pleasant family of four or five children, one day, in my hearing.

“What is the reason,” asked a young sister of the lady, “that they *must* be such disagreeable little items of human life? Fan and Josie are always my darlings, and I am glad to see them at any time, and any where; but Bob, and Harry, and Ned are perfect torments. They annoy me and mortify me, and half the time disgust me. Yet when they were little, I loved them just as well as I did the girls.”

These are not unusual remarks, and I pondered in my own mind the reason for such continual complaints against boys. I had often *thought* the same thing now expressed by these ladies, that little girls were much pleasanter companions than little boys; and why was it that there must be a period in the lives of boys when they should be spoken of as “disagreeable cubs?” Why is a gentle, polite boy such a rarity?

The Rev. Sydney Smith said boys were not born boyish in tastes, or girls girlish, but that their tastes and habits are exclusively the result of association and education. I do not quite believe this theory, but I *do* believe that parents and older sisters and teachers are very much to blame, as well as the children themselves, that boys are less polite and well-bred than girls. The latter are constantly told to learn to do this and to avoid doing that, that they may become lady-like, polished, agreeable, etc. "We do not expect such politeness from boys. Many things may be done by a gentleman which would be inexcusable in a lady," is a common remark.

I beg pardon, my good friend. We *should* expect politeness from boys, and very few are the things which are not elegant and polite that gentlemen may do, and not ladies.

I have, therefore, something which I wish particularly to say to boys. If your parents are willing for you to be the "Goths and Vandals" of society, I shall protest against it. You have been outlaws long enough, and now I beg you will observe the rules, and take a lesson from the hints given you.

Do you remember that the habits which you acquire now, will cling to you when you become men? I have seen you standing with your hands in the pockets of your trowsers and your elbows thrown out "at right angles," as people usually say, making a most ungraceful picture. I suppose you are thinking, when you think at all about such things, that you intend to be a *gentleman* some day. You certainly would be angry to hear yourselves called

unmannerly and ill-bred. Remember what I say, that you are *forming habits* that will mortify you when you wish to be considered a gentleman, as they mortify your friends now.

This way of thrusting out your elbows when your hands are in your pockets, tends to make you high-shouldered, and disorders your dress; it is awkward and clownish.

You sit down to talk to your mother and sisters as if it were the only position in which you found yourself comfortable; you lean back in the chair, and cross your foot over your knee, bringing it to a level with Mary's face, as she sits by your mother on her low stool. You do not consider where you have been stepping, whether in mud or in filth, or that, perhaps, the shoe has been unblacked for several days, and a soiled sock is slipping down to it over your ankle. No lady likes to see a gentleman sit thus in her presence. She keeps her own smaller and more delicately clad foot out of your way. Be equally polite to her.

When you came into the room it was with your hat on, and you spoke to your mother without removing it. It is considered rude and disrespectful to keep the hat on in the presence of ladies. Do you not consider your mother a lady? and has she not, *as your mother*, a still higher claim upon you for polite attention? A true gentleman is most particularly polite at home, to his mother and sisters.

The streets were very muddy, and you ran splashing through them; therefore, when you came into the house

you left your "mark" on the steps, and on the hall carpet; *gentlemen* are very careful not to soil their highly polished boots, and are very particular about wiping the soles of them clean on the door-mat.

Yesterday you were heard to say to your little sister, "Mary, *you* must not use such words. *You* are a girl. Boys can say 'by jingo.'"

There are two objections to such expressions as this. They are coarse and vulgar, and they tend to profanity. *Gentlemen* do not use slang words, because it is a vulgar habit; and they do not swear, because it is both vulgar and wicked. Therefore you have no more right to say "by jingo" than Mary has.

"*I don't care* about my finger-nails. I'm a boy, and nobody looks at my hands. It's too much trouble to use a nail-brush, and *fuss* over them as mamma and Mary do, and it's a great deal too much trouble to clean them with a knife."

"Nobody looks at your hands," because boys so notoriously have begrimed fingers and dirty nails, and every one avoids the sight of such objects as much as possible.

This morning your mother said, "Come, my son, and let me part your hair neatly, and tie the ribbon in your collar;" and you said—

"Oh, what's the use? The boys 'll call me 'dandy,' and 'band-box,' and 'Tom Apronstring,' and all that, as they do Cousin Horace."

I saw "Cousin Horace" come in with you this morning, and you called out "By hokey, ain't it cold, though!"

without speaking to your aunt, who was in the room. But your Cousin Horace made such a contrast to you: his dress was quite neat, and his handsome hair was well brushed; his coarse shoes were blacked till you could see your face in them, though he has to do them himself; his collar was smooth, and carefully tied; his finger-nails were neatly trimmed, and it was a pleasure to your mother to shake hands with him when she said, "Good morning, my dear Horace," in return for his "Good morning, Aunt."

I admire Horace. He studies hard; but he plays very heartily too, as you well know; he is no "girl-boy," after all. His handsome, well-kept hair, ruddy cheeks, bright eyes, and the white teeth his pleasant smile discloses, are all charming.

Which is nearest to being a gentleman, Horace or you?



CHAPTER IX.

EDWARD ACTON.

AS I was sitting by my window, at a table, which overlooked a large piazza in front of the building, my attention was arrested by a group of boys who were very full of sport and jests. One of them, a lad of perhaps fourteen years, but tall and manly in appearance, quite took the lead in any thing they undertook to do. I was amused and pleased by his expertness, his ready wit, and his excellence in all their exercises. But his manner sometimes grieved me; he was very authoritative, and not sufficiently considerate of those who were less strong or less agile than himself.

By and by a carriage drew up before the house. He glanced towards it, and seeing, when the door was opened, that it contained ladies—and one of them an aged lady—he sprang towards it, and offered his assistance as they alighted. He was careful to protect their dresses from contact with the muddy wheels, and he placed himself in such a position, that the old lady could lean on him as she descended the steps. He then led her up the steps of the house and rung the bell for them, waiting until they were

shown in. This attention to ladies, and particularly to the aged, touched me the more, that his companions were impatient at this interruption of their pleasures.

"Let the old woman take care of herself," said one.

"I reckon, Ned must be a lady's man," said another.

"What's the use?" said a third, as he joined them again—"I don't see the use of your doing that ; a servant might have done it just as well—and you don't make any thing by it. Why, old Mrs. Ellis wouldn't take the trouble to thank you."

"Do you suppose I did it to be thanked?" Ned said, indignantly—"a man is no gentleman who is not polite to ladies, and how can we learn to be polite if we do not begin when we are boys? If my mother was getting out of a carriage, I would help her as much as possible ; and if I was not there and another person assisted her, then or at any other time, I should be much obliged to them, and would like them for it, and so would she, and so would Jane and Ellen. I am sure I was much better employed than I should have been standing here and making remarks about them ; and laughing because Miss Sophie, who got out of the carriage before I could reach her, first caught her dress up so that it showed her ankles, and then drew it across the wheel, almost spoiling it with mud. It is true, she was very awkward, but she might well be, with so many great boys staring at her ; and if she always is so, that is none of our business. Mother says we owe too much to women, all our lives long, to see any thing in them but their good qualities and their graces."

"Hear him ! hear him !" shouted the boys. "He talks like a preacher."

Here they began to disperse, for the bell of the Academy rang for school. I had recognized in the gallant little fellow the son of a lady of my acquaintance, and I determined to watch him more closely and see if his politeness to ladies, so unlike his manner to his mates, had all been taught him by a good mother—who had not yet been able to conquer his naturally haughty disposition in other things.

Soon after this, I went to Mrs. Acton's to pass the day. When I entered the parlour where the family were usually assembled, I was received by my friends with much cordiality, and without waiting to be told, Edward, who was in the room, placed a chair for me near an airy window, and laid a fan by it. Then he went to a door and said to a servant :

"Minty, bring Mrs. Manners a glass of cold water."

All this was done very quietly and very easily—there was no affectation of politeness ; no display of gallantry ; but it seemed his habitual manner towards his mother's lady visitors. His sister Jane was opening a skein of worsted ; he observed it, and said—"I will hold it for you, sister," and he did hold it well—not teasing her by tangling it, or by slipping the threads off too fast.

When Ellen Acton came into the room she had a sealed letter in her hand, which she wanted him to take to the office. He could do it before he went to school ; still it was quite a long walk to the office—and if he went there

he would have no time for play before school. Besides, he would have to go alone; for at this hour the boys were all at the play-ground.

Of course Edward thought of all these things, for he was just saying he believed he would go out and have "some fun," as boys say, before the two o'clock bell rang. But when he saw the letter in Ellen's hand he sprang forward, saying:

"Do you want it put in the office?"

"Yes, my dear Ned, though I dislike to send you with it just now, when ——"

"O, no matter, sister Ellen, I can play after school and then again to-morrow, and every day this week if I want to; and mother says, running to the post-office is just as good exercise as any thing else. Besides, Ellen, didn't you sit up late last night sewing for me, because I took a notion to want this cravat to wear to-day?"

So the boy took the letter, and saying, "Good afternoon, ladies," he was off like an arrow.

That evening, when Jane and Ellen played a duet for me, Edward stood behind them and turned over the leaves of the music as politely as possible. He assisted his mother in placing her arm-chair by the window and put a stool under her feet, and then he went into the back parlour and studied until I arose to take leave. He would not hear of my going home accompanied only by the servant, but said he should like the walk and the run back, and begged to be allowed to go. When we were in the street I asked him if he did not sometimes think it was

very troublesome to have to wait upon ladies so much. "Your mother and sisters have it in their power to do much for you in return, but you have often to pay attentions where you are scarcely thanked for it, though they may have been almost necessary civilities."

"I do not think I am naturally very polite," he replied, "but mother has always tried to teach me to observe and do all I can for the comfort of my sisters, and so it is easy to attend to the wants of other ladies. I feel much happier for it, even if it has been at the expense of a little ease or enjoyment. *It is the place of a man, or a boy either, to be gallant to the ladies, and to consider himself well rewarded by a smile and a kind word from them, in return.*" He said this in a very proud, manly tone. "I sometimes forget myself when with the boys, and am rude and disagreeable, but a woman always makes me think of mother or the girls; and for the sake of those who are so gentle and good to me, I would wish to be polite to all their sex."

Little readers, is there not a lesson taught here to brothers and sisters? *Good sisters make good brothers, and good brothers are very apt to make polite and polished gentlemen.* Thus was Edward Acton, a boy of naturally rude and unpleasant manners, being trained to gentleness and a polite consideration for others. In time, I doubt not, he will be as polite to his mates as he is now to the ladies.

CHAPTER X.

FAULT-FINDING.

HAVE you ever observed how much some people are given to finding fault? and how such people are always accounted very unpleasant, and have very few friends? I know children who find fault with their clothes, with the rules their parents or teachers make for their observance, with the food provided for them, and even with the weather, which is always too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or too dusty. I remember, when I was twelve years old, I was beginning to think, because I studied quite faithfully, and was always punctual, that I was a very meritorious girl, and deserved to be very much liked by my teachers. I saw that Annie Chadwick received more approbation from her teachers than I ever received, and I wondered why it should be so. I grew jealous of her, and refused to acknowledge even her evident merits. She was never as perfect in her lessons as I was—she could not comprehend so easily any instructions given to her—she did not *seem* to be any “better behaved,” but yet Annie was decidedly the favourite, as far as the teachers could suffer favouritism. One day I asked Miss Merrit

why this should be so. Her reply was a very impressive one, and taught me a lesson I have always remembered.

"Annie never complains or finds fault with any thing about her. She is always cheerful and contented. Last winter, when the weather was very cold, and the girls hovered shiveringly around the fire, Annie would quietly keep her seat till there was room enough to approach the fire without crowding others. No matter how cold it was, or how uncomfortable the room became, she always looked pleasant, and tried all she could to warm and brighten it with her beautiful smiles. Indeed, she never looked as blue and cold as the others. Her *heart* was really warmer, and the weather affected her less.

"During all the excessively warm weather of this summer, Annie has never once said—'Oh, how hot it is!' 'I could not learn any lessons last night—it was so hot.' 'I couldn't get here any earlier; it was so hot, I couldn't walk fast.' If the sun troubles her at her desk, she quietly asks if she may close the blinds; if a noisy, unpleasant child sits near her, she tries by example and gentle precept to teach it better.

"When she was sick, she was patient and uncomplaining, and her mother says she was never known to find a word of fault with her food, if hot or cold, or badly cooked, or even if there was not enough of it. So with her dress. Her parents cannot afford her as nice dresses and bonnets as you and others wear, but she never appears to know that she is less well-dressed than her associates. See how much love she wins, and how much happiness she creates,

simply because she is not discontented, but has a cheerful, sunshiny temper. What do you think about it, Neelie?"

There is something else to be said about fault-finding. There are some people who seem always looking out for faults and imperfections in those around them. If they are parents and teachers, or elder brothers and sisters, or any person placed in a superior and authority-giving position, they of course have a right to say what is not well done, and they have also the right to say how a thing should be done. But there is a proper and pleasant way of doing this, and a way of doing it which only creates bad feeling, and gives no incitement to try and do better.

I know an elder sister, whose authority is recognized by her brothers and sisters as hardly second to that of their parents, for she is so wise and tender, and they all feel it. If little Jeannie forgets any thing that Eleanor has requested her to do—and the child is not usually forgetful—the good sister says—

"Never mind this time, Jeannie, but *be very careful* not to forget again. You see how much trouble mamma had, because you forgot about it, and she could not think beforehand that it might not be done, for she knows you are so very thoughtful and attentive usually."

This does much more good than a scolding could. The little girl is grateful to Eleanor for not blaming her harshly; she thinks sadly of dear mamma's trouble, and she is gratified that she is considered "thoughtful and attentive usually." So she resolves to herself that she will

never vex Eleanor or trouble mamma again, but will still try to deserve the good opinion she had previously won.

Arthur Holbrook was spending his vacation at home, and he offered to teach Lucy and Julia drawing and painting during the six weeks he should be with them, as he was a remarkable proficient in the art. They had been taking lessons of Prof. Anson, but he was a severe master. He never looked at what they had done, but he saw in a moment every irregular or wrong line or tint, and *he saw nothing else*. If they ever did any thing well, he did not commend it, but left them to infer it, if they chose, because he found no especial fault with it. Lucy was very timid, and she had grown quite discouraged. Now Arthur would give them lessons, "*how delightful* it would be!"

Like Prof. Anson, Arthur saw the lack of perfection in what they painted or drew, but of course he expected it; he *knew* they were only learners, not masters, of the art. So he sought out the good points of their pictures, told them when they were successful, commended every thing worthy of commendation, and then suggested the necessary improvements where they were needed. The girls returned to their tasks with fresh ardour, stimulated by the judicious praise and the hope of final success. Thus they learned more in a month with Arthur, than in a whole term with the Professor. So much for "finding fault" properly.

Young people though you are now, you will probably have at some future day the charge of a household, and the direction of one or many servants.

"How *do* you manage with your servants?" said one lady to another. "You never scold, you seldom seem worried with them, yet they, are always busy; your house is neat, your meals regular and well served; your servants seem so much attached to you. What *is* the secret?"

"I have no *secret*," was the reply. "I have only my own way of managing. I always praise them when they have done unusually well, I always notice any attempt to specially please me, no matter if it be ever so slight a thing, or even if they have failed in the attempt, I let them see that I appreciate their faithfulness and good will; and I give them in return thanks, which are worth to them a thousand times more than they cost me, and the kindness and consideration which they deserve.

"I can pay them with money for their actual labor, but I can only pay in kindness and consideration for the same qualities displayed towards myself."

"Jane was such a suspicious, jealous girl. She was a good cook, Mrs. Elphinstone used to say, but so angry at any interference. Yet you seem to have no trouble with her."

"I soon found out that Jane could not bear to be watched. She was honest and faithful, and she was indeed angry if suspected of anything else. So I observe without seeming to observe, and make, as a casual remark, in a general way, any suggestions which I wish to have adopted. Jane feels flattered that I have a sufficiently good opinion of her to make such remarks to

her, and acts readily as I wish she should. If her pastry is not well made, I happen into the kitchen the next time she has any to make, and remark, that she keeps it neat and cool, and then say,

"The range must be out of order, Jane; I thought those last pies hardly as well baked as usual; you must not spoil your light, elegant crusts by poor baking."

She takes the hint, attends to the baking, and all is right.

"They wait upon your children cheerfully. They never seem to consider them troublesome."

"I am very careful to teach my children to make as little unnecessary trouble as possible. I never allow them to speak sharply or impertinently to them. They are servants who have good, respectable characters, who conduct themselves well, who are humble and faithful to us; they deserve respect and politeness from the children, and I insist upon their receiving it. Margaret always says 'Yes, Sir,' and 'If you please,' to my little four years old boy, and he *must* be polite to her in return."

"Ah, you have uncommonly good servants, Mrs. Page; they appreciate good treatment."

"Proper care on the part of the family, will *make* 'uncommonly good servants.' It is a simple thing to do, to avoid finding fault as much as possible, and to commend whenever you can. They are thus pleased with themselves, and anxious to please me and keep up my good opinion of them. I once went away from home, and was absent four weeks. The sole charge of the house—for

none of the family were at home—fell upon my cook, a woman of violent temper, though very skilful, and of questionable honesty. I said to her, ‘Theresa, I entrust these keys to you; you will have no occasion to open the china-closet or the store-room, but I give the keys to you, because I think you will be faithful in my absence, and show yourself worthy of such responsibility.’ She was faithful, indeed. The trust flattered her, and she was too proud of it to betray it.”

“So you ‘find fault’ by commending the opposite virtue. Oh, you are a wise woman.” So she was, young reader.



CHAPTER XI.

ABOUT WALKING.

WHEN the high winds which prevail in the spring abate, and the warm sunshine comes wooingly in at the windows, I am often tempted to put on my bonnet and a light mantle, and go out for a walk. As I pass from the shelter of the lofty trees which surround my house, I enter upon a broad, level street, where, in the afternoon, a great many ladies are in the habit of walking, making the place a favourite promenade for both ladies and gentlemen. While walking slowly along one day, it occurred to me, as I observed those about me, how very seldom we see a person who walks *well*. I refer now chiefly to ladies, though not one gentleman in ten "carries himself," as the expression is, like a gentleman.

Let me, for a moment, call the attention of the boys, who are hoping ere long to be *young gentlemen*, to a few faults I observed in their sex, and then I will direct my remarks to the girls exclusively.

Quite near me walked two very estimable men; I chanced to know them both. One stooped very much, and his shoulders were rounded like a hoop, his coat, necessarily,

was full of wrinkles, and there was so little breadth between his shoulders, and his chest was so sunken, that his appearance was anything but manly. It was worse than unmanly—it indicated a tendency to disease, doubtless brought on by the wretched way he had of standing and walking. The other gentleman stood rather more erect, and his shoulders were broader, but they were very high, and he had a habit of shrugging them up till his coat collar was as high as his ears half the time. He had also an awkward way of moving his elbows, so that his friends used laughingly to remark, “he walked with his elbows.” One “turned in” his toes pigeon-like, and both walked in a very slovenly manner, so far as stepping was concerned.

I looked about me to observe other gentlemen. I saw how some switched about a cane, very impertinently, as ladies think; others had their hats set up on one side of their heads, and such always had a swaggering air; some contemplated their boots every few minutes, and seemed as though they were fearful their toilet was not complete. I was surprised to see how much fault could be found with nearly all of them, and I thought if, when they were boys, they had been taught to *put their hats on straight, to keep their shoulders down, their chests thrown out, their elbows more quiet, and their toes turned out*, how much better figures they would now have made.

But I was most interested in observing the ladies. A little girl has no idea how much her general appearance, when she is a young lady, will be improved by being able to walk well. Do not fancy from this that you are to

practise any airs. Ladies oftenest err in supposing such airs make them appear more elegant or distinguished. This is a grand mistake: the more naturally and simply a woman walks, the better is it. *Sometimes*, however, persons are naturally awkward, and sometimes they fall into bad habits, so that by taking pains and remembering certain things, they can improve their style of walking—their “carriage,” as we say.

Style, which many seem to seek, is as much the effect of walking well as dressing well; and if a woman were really well dressed and walked badly, she might still be called a *dowdy*.

Those who “put on airs” are always thinking of the effect their appearance produces; they think some one is constantly looking at them, and this induces the effort they make at display. Little girls swing their dress skirts from one side to the other, hold their heads up very high, except when, now and then, they give a stolen glance at the manner in which dress or shawl hangs, or their new neck ribbon or bag, or the display their pretty and stiff handkerchief is making. They are not aware that such a glance is at once detected by any one who happens to observe them, and is considered a mark of vulgarity and low breeding.

An opposite fault, of slovenliness in walking, characterizes some. They go shuffling along, precisely as if their shoes were down at the heel—“slipshod”—and they could not lift up their feet in consequence. If it is dusty or sandy, they kick up the dust before them and fill their

skirts with it. This is exceedingly ungraceful. If I were a gentleman I really do not think I could marry a lady who walked like this: she would appear so very undignified, and I could not be proud of her!

Some have another awkwardness. They lift up their feet so high that their knees are sent out before them, showing the movement through the dress. They always seem to be leaving their skirts behind them, instead of carrying them gracefully about them. Some saunter along so loosely, they seem to be hung on wires; others are as stiff as if they supposed only straight lines were agreeable to the eye; and others, again, run the chin forward considerably in advance of the breast, looking very silly and deficient in self-respect.

Sometimes a lady walks so as to turn up her dress behind every time she puts her foot back; and I have seen a well-dressed woman made to look very awkward by elevating her shoulders slightly, and pushing her elbows too far behind her. Some hold their hands up to the waist, and press their arms against themselves as tightly as if they were glued there; others swing them backwards and forwards, as a business man walks along the street. *Too short* steps detract from dignity very much, forming a mincing pace; *too long* steps are masculine.

Some walk upon the ball of the foot very flatly and clumsily; others come down upon the heel as though a young elephant were moving; and others, again, ruin their shoes and their appearance by walking upon the side of the foot. Many practise a stoop called the Grecian bend,

and when they are thirty, will pass well, unless the face be seen, for fifty years old.

But I must stop here, though I have many other things to say about "walking," about "behaviour in the streets," and "dress for the streets." Notice all the faults I have named, and see if you cannot accuse yourselves of some of them.



CHAPTER XII.

BEHAVIOUR IN THE STREET.

THERE are many hints about behaviour in the streets which may not come amiss to you. I do not doubt that your parents or friends, or teachers, may remind you of the very things that I do ; but young people are heedless, and cannot be told these things too often.

It is a very common thing to see a girl after she gets into the street arranging her shawl, ribbons, or more frequently putting on her gloves. When I was a little girl I went out of the house one day without my gloves on, and commenced putting them on as I passed the parlour windows. My mother was sitting by the window, and observed it. She spoke to me to come into the house again, and then said—

“You should never complete your toilet in the street. Your gloves are a part of your dress ; would you dress in the street ?” I have remembered that.

When persons are approaching you, do not look at them as if you had never seen their like before. Such staring is very rude and disagreeable. *Do not turn around to look after them when you have passed them.* It is

a decided breach of good manners to make any remarks about them, for it is embarrassing to see yourself the object of remark. When I was beginning to observe the proprieties of dress, I, one day, in company with a lady much older than myself, passed a young girl who wore a light calico dress, with dark stockings; to show my better taste, I remarked it in *not* a low tone. The wearer heard the remark, and immediately the tears started in her eyes. I was pained at once that I had noticed it aloud, and expressed my regret to my friend.

"You may well be grieved," said she. "That is Ernestine Douer; her parents are foreigners, though she is a native of this country; they are poor, and are both invalids. Poor Ernestine assists them all she can; some kind ladies have tried to help the young creature, and doubtless have given her the very articles of dress you censure. You saw how neat her dress was—were she not so good a daughter, she might be able to dress better. You should be careful how you criticize such things. It is ill-bred as well as unkind." I have lived to thank my friend, from my heart, for her considerate reproof.

When you meet a young friend in the street, for the first time after an absence, do not, by embraces and kisses, call the attention of others to your meeting. Let your greeting be cordial and affectionate; but reserve very lively demonstrations of your affection for a more private place. *Kissing in the street, or in church, is exceedingly out of place*; and the custom of meeting your friends with a kiss as a common greeting, is a bad custom, not to say

any thing of the hypocrisy which frequently lies in such an act. If you say, in excuse, that it is merely a habit, and not considered a mark of affection always, you only bring an argument against a habit, which deprives a kiss of its significance, of its affectionate meaning.

Be careful not to talk in a loud tone, and not to gesticulate much in the street: they are both unlady-like things. Do not hurry by people unceremoniously ; but if they yield you the walk, acknowledge it by a slight inclination of the head.

In short, when in the street your carriage should be simple, and as free from faults as possible ; your manner quiet, and calculated to attract as little attention as possible ; your toilet completed before you leave the house ; and of your dress I will speak more particularly in another chapter. Very few seem to consider what is appropriate dress for the street, and I wish to suggest some of the proprieties of dress, which young girls would do well to attend to.



CHAPTER XIII.

PROPRIETIES OF DRESS.

I HAVE referred to the dress proper for the street. I will give now a few hints to those young girls who are becoming large enough and old enough to consider such things for themselves, without implicit reliance on the taste and judgment of their mothers or older sisters, which they have felt, or should feel, up to this age. I am often surprised and mortified to see so little attention paid to the *proprieties* of dress by those who have the means of indulging their caprices or tastes in this matter.

I will give some examples of what I consider improprieties of dress, that you may understand what I mean by the word. When I was a young girl, I had a school-mate named Annie Russel, who was the heiress to great wealth. She was not very healthy, and whenever she took cold, had attacks of croup; yet Annie always wore to school thin kid slippers and white silk stockings. In vain her teacher, who had the care of her, remonstrated. She "could not and would not wear coarse cotton stockings or hard leather shoes, they hurt her feet and made them look so clumsy." We had to walk a hundred yards

to the school-room, and it was all the way under trees or over a grassy path, consequently the walk was very damp, and Annie's feet often wet and cold, so that she was sick half the time. Now Annie had not been taught that it was not only desirable for her health, that her feet should be more warmly dressed, but that kid slippers and silk stockings were not proper articles for school wear—they suit a parlour, but not wet paths.

Annie wore fine silk dresses, and could not run and jump, swing and play with the other girls; "it would ruin her clothes," and in the summer her handsome Swiss muslins would get tumbled "by such romping." So the little lady, who did not know how to dress properly for school, could not take any exercise, and she grew up sallow, and thin, and lifeless in action; no flush of health glowed on her hollow cheek; no liveness and grace characterized her movements; no vivacity gave a charm to her conversation.

Harriet Hansell wore strong but neat calico, gingham or worsted dresses to school, stout leather shoes and warm stockings; a warm shawl took the place of Annie's silk mantilla, a neat gingham or black silk apron was worn instead of a gay sash or fine little fancy apron. Harriet is now a fine, energetic, healthy woman; she is erect and elegant in her gait, for exercise developed and strengthened her frame—she is worth a dozen Annie Russells—is happier, and better calculated to make others happy.

I have seen young children tricked up in laces, Swiss muslins and embroideries, in feathers, and flowers, and

fine clothes, who would look infinitely better in plainer apparel. Good taste is indispensable in dress, but that united to neatness is *all* that is *necessary*. Good taste is the fabled cestus of Venus, which gave beauty to its wearer. It involves *suitable fabrics--a neat and becoming "fitting" to her figure, colours suited to her complexion, and a simple and unaffected manner of wearing one's clothes*. A worsted dress in a warm day, or a white one in a cold day, or a light thin one in a windy day, are all in *bad* taste. Very fine or very delicate dresses worn in the street, or very highly ornamented clothes worn to church, or to shop in, are in *bad* taste. Very long dresses worn in muddy or dusty weather, even if long dresses are the *fashion*, are still in *bad* taste.

I have seen ladies ruining fine kid shoes, white kid gloves, and a Swiss muslin dress, or elegant silk, in a shopping excursion; and I have seen ladies go to church dressed as finely in flowers, and jewelry, and laces, as if they were going to a party, where only such things are allowable. This is bad taste; it is often called, and justly too, *vulgar* taste.

I dislike to see a girl, or a grown person, come down to breakfast in low-necked dresses, loaded with jewelry, or in silk dresses more suitable for dinner wear. Really this is not much preferable to the slovenliness of wrinkled dresses and unbrushed hair.

Deep and bright-coloured gloves are always in bad taste; very few persons are careful enough in selecting gloves. Light shoes and dark dresses, white stockings and dark

dresses, dark stockings and light dresses, are not indicative of good taste. A girl with neatly and properly dressed feet, with neat, well-fitting gloves, smoothly arranged hair, and a clean, well-made dress, who walks well, and speaks well, and, above all, acts politely and kindly, *is a lady*, and no *wealth* is required here. Fine clothes and fine airs are abashed before such propriety and good taste. Thus the poorest may be so attired as to appear as lady-like as the wealthiest; nothing is more *vulgar* than the idea that money makes a lady, or that fine clothes can do it.



CHAPTER XIV.

HOW TO CHOOSE AND WIN FRIENDS.

YOU are hardly old enough yet to understand much about *friendship*. Children, and even young people in their teens, select associates for some perfection they fancy they may possess, or are actuated by a whim for which they would be puzzled to give a reason. Are you not most attracted at school by those who seem to be open and frank in disposition, by those who are generous and gay-hearted?

But sometimes you attach yourselves to rude and clownish boys, merely because they appear to have a little influence or superiority over the others, granted by those who do not like to contend with such boisterous persons; or possibly you see they can command indulgences of play-things or good things to eat, which you cannot so easily procure, and which they are ready to share with you.

Girls are influenced by different motives, but some are quite as little praiseworthy. A companion has fine clothes, and you fancy you derive some importance from being seen in her company; so you endure her vanity and airs,

and call her your friend. Some seek the society of those who are better scholars than themselves, to reap what advantage they can from their friends' assistance in their lessons or in their classes. In this case there is too apt to be a mingling of envy and jealousy in your regard for one so much your superior, and unless you are of a generous disposition, you will be inclined to depreciate her, or lower her in the opinion of those whom you may hear praise her. There are others, again, who associate as much as possible with their inferiors in personal or mental advantages, because their vulgar little souls are pleased with the respect and admiration they then receive.

I have here *supposed* various instances of *apparent* friendship which do not deserve the name, inasmuch as they are not based on good and worthy motives. Now what *should* induce one person to seek the society of another?

I will tell you what should regulate your choice of intimate associates—of friends, in other words. First seek to make those your friends, whom you perceive that you can in any manner benefit. Remember that every one, no matter how insignificant they may be, has an influence—that those around you will almost certainly be better or worse for knowing you. What you say, do, or even think, will affect them: this constitutes *influence*. It is of the exercise of this that you must be careful. If you choose a friend in whom you perceive faults, or whom you may be aware possesses faults, consider whether you cannot influence her to do and to be better. Do not suffer yourself

to come under the influence of her bad traits; do not associate with such a person, unless you feel an assurance that you *can* do *her* good.

If your companion is rude, do you be the more gentle and polite; if boisterous and arrogant, you must be humble and quiet, but firm and decided. If she is vain—show her that you have a slight care or regard for dress in comparison with other things; if indolent, do not seek so much to assist her in her tasks, as to inspire her with energy and ambition, that right kind of ambition which desires true excellence for itself, and not from the unworthy motive of surpassing others. If you perceive that you in any way excel your friend, let that superiority give you only an occasion for your generosity, unmingled with condescension—by prompting you to seek to elevate your companion to your own height.

If it is your friend who possesses the superiority, be on your guard against envy, and against the unamiable, mean impulse which would prompt you to depreciate her. It is always well to choose your friends from those superior to yourself intellectually or otherwise, unless you are sure of being able to exert a good influence. But as you would beware of envious feelings, so beware of fawning, servile feelings or actions. Do not court a person for wealth, or position, or because they have the eclat of beauty or brilliant talents. That person who is arrogant, supercilious, or even condescending to those below him or her, and that person who is cringing and adulatory to those above, is not worthy of a friend, and will not have one.

To gain the friendship of an associate requires care, *not to conceal your faults, but to try to overcome them.* Selfishness and vanity are great stumbling-blocks in the way of those who wish to make friends. They are most offensive traits in a companion. You must let it be seen that you prefer and consider the happiness and comfort of your friend; such disinterestedness is a great promoter of happiness even in the person exercising it, and is very attractive to others.

Never try to "show off" before her; she may admire you, but not be *apt to love* you any better, for being smarter than she is. There are a thousand delicate little attentions which will render you agreeable, and at length dear to those whom you thus seek to please. Consult her tastes in books and in amusements; do not flatter, or praise much in words; such compliments lack delicacy, and are apt to make those who are the objects of your praises suspect your sincerity.

"To gain friends, *show yourself friendly.*" To win love, *conquer your faults and become amiable.* Be frank, "whole-souled," generous, forgetful of self; be *not* irritable, or suspicious; not too loving, which often disgusts; not so anxious to serve as to be called officious; not so anxious to please, as to deserve the name of a flatterer. Above all things *do not say one word more than you mean in your very soul*; for one sincere, genuine word of approval, is worth more, and goes further, than scores of *compliments.*

CHAPTER XV.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN YOUR GUESTS.

ONE afternoon, several little girls met at the residence of Mrs. Lang, in Philadelphia. Cornelia Lang, a little Miss of ten years of age, was their hostess, on whose account they had been invited by her mother. Cornelia had been away from home during the months of July and August, travelling with her father and mother, who had carried her first to see some relatives in Harrisburg, and then they had made the "tour of the lakes," as we call it. They had visited Cincinnati, had seen Niagara, and sailed up the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Of course Cornelia had seen a great many and wonderful things, and had a great deal to talk about.

But two or three of her guests had seen as much as she had, and all of them had heard these things described scores of times, and therefore were not as much interested in them as was Cornelia, who had witnessed them so recently that her mind was full of them, and her tongue was continually touching on the theme.

Among the young girls was Arrah Huntly, a cousin of

Sophie Havens, who was paying her first visit to Philadelphia, and who was an extremely intelligent and well-bred child. She was among entire strangers, however, and was invited to Mrs. Lang's by that lady, because she was visiting at the Havens', and because Mrs. Lang had once met her mother and had been much pleased with her. Let us see how Arrah enjoyed the visit at her house.

There were, perhaps, twenty girls, and these formed themselves into various groups, and soon there was a general hum of conversation. Cornelia had a circle gathered about herself, and to them she was descanting on the elegant style in which Aunt Maria lived near Harrisburg; how they kept six horses for the harness and several saddle horses, and how many carriages they had, and how many servants. She also described their beautiful gardens, their hot-houses, and conservatory. Then followed all that happened to them in their journey; how they had travelled, and even what they had eaten at different places. Some who were curious and gossiping, listened well, but I am happy to say this was neither the largest nor the most intelligent part of the company.

Other groups discussed city matters, the private affairs of neighbours and absent friends, the little items of local which could interest such young people; their own news and others' new dresses and bonnets, and the dancing schools soon to be opened.

Of course none of this interested Arrah; she tried to listen politely to whichever conversation took place near-

est her, but nothing was said that could attract her attention or interest, being a stranger in town, and not inclined to gossiping. Mrs. Lang and her sister, Miss Helen Austen, were sitting in a distant part of the room, observing the children; they saw Arrah's evident weariness, and how much every thing that was said made her feel that she was a stranger there. The only attention that had been paid to her was when occasionally some one not able to speak to those she was eager to talk to, on account of so many talking, had turned to her and asked her "How she liked Philadelphia?" This was a very proper question, and might have induced other topics of common interest, but the questioner seemed to think she had said all politeness required of her, and made no other attempt to entertain the stranger, who was soon tired of having to answer, to each person who approached her, the same question.

Miss Helen Austen went up to the window, where Arrah sat looking out very sadly, and addressed her. She inquired for her mother—if she had any brothers and sisters—if her sister Annie went to school with her—what they studied—if Thomas wanted to go to College—when Henry would be back from the West Indies—being able to ask all these questions by the information given in Arrah's replies. Arrah's face brightened. She told about her home, which was on the Kennebec river, in Maine, and described a visit she had paid the summer before to the Penobscot Indians, which tribe had a little settlement between their village and the lake they had visited. Miss Helen was much interested in Arrah's account of this

tribe, of their half-civilized manners and modes of life ; and how they met with such continual misfortunes, that Mr. Huntly, her father, had said they would soon disappear altogether from that section of country.

The little girl was interested in her own narrative ; she forgot that she was a stranger, and talked earnestly and feelingly, and therefore *well*, about the "Red Men." By-and-by a circle gathered about her, of those who had any attention to bestow on any others, or any thing else than themselves. They had questions to ask, and *she* could answer them, for she had not travelled to show off herself, or to get something good to eat. Then Miss Helen asked her if she had ever heard the "Song of the Red Man," and she said "Yes, she had learnt it the fall after her return," and when all said they would like to hear it, she went directly to the piano and sang it.

Now other songs followed ; Arrah's taste was consulted as to what she would like to hear sung or played ; some of the company were good performers, for their age, and Arrah, who loved music, was delighted. Thus the ice about the young stranger was broken up—the other girls found out how intelligent and agreeable she could be, though very modest withal, and were willing to be entertained by her, and do all they could to please her ; pictures, music, and, after tea, some merry games, made the evening pass charmingly, and Arrah went home with her cousin, full of pleasant thoughts and agreeable memories of the evening and of those she had met with at Mrs. Lang's.

Do you not see, my young friends, how easy it was to be agreeable, and how easy a matter to entertain a young stranger, as soon as the company were able to forget themselves and their desire to show off. Arrah learned a lesson she never forgot, and no one visiting her ever had occasion to say Arrah Huntley was selfish, or vain, or fond of showing off at the expense of her visitors.



CHAPTER XVI.

“CUT BEHIND.”

A FEW days since, I was taking a walk with a friend, when we observed three or four young boys whose soiled and disorderly clothes looked very much as if loafing and playing in the streets were habitual things with them. A carriage came down Broadway, and turned into a rather quiet cross-street. The boys all started in pursuit, and one of them succeeded in jumping upon the back of it.

“Cut behind!” cried the three who had been unsuccessful.

The successful candidate for the ride sneered at his companions and twirled his fingers at the end of his nose. This enraged them still more, and they cried out very vociferously—

“Cut behind!”

The driver did so, and the lash had the effect of making the youngster drop down to the ground again very quickly. Then the others taunted him, calling out—

“Don’t it tingle, Bill?” “I say, does it pay, Bill?”

"Famous long lash, that. I'd keep out of the way of it;" and other such expressions.

I remarked to my companion, "that the phrase '*cut behind*,' was the very embodiment of spite and malicious envy, and that the whole scene was a complete epitome of ambitious life." The eager rush of the competitors; the arrogant exultation of the one who gained the desired goal; the malice excited in the hearts of those whom he had distanced; their efforts to procure his downfall; the sting which accompanied the unmerited elevation; and his enemies rejoicing when he had been forced to their level again, were all so many phases of life. Truly, "the child's the father of the man!"

What a lesson was read, too, of the wickedness of the heart—of the ill-effects which follow the indulgence of envious and mean feelings. How utterly all generosity must be destroyed in him who cannot rejoice in the success of his fellows because *he* is left behind; and how contemptible to turn traitor and betray one whose only fault, in the traitor's estimation, was, that he had been able to do that which the other could not, for the boy cared neither for the horses, the carriage, nor driver, only for the ride which his comrade was enjoying.

Boys, what kind of a man will that boy make who would run with another for the ride, and then call out "Cut behind!" (We will suppose, for the sake of the example, that it is right to obtain the ride if possible, although it is not really right, as you know.) Would not a just, generous, honorable, right-minded, good-hearted

boy, rather rejoice that "Bill" had succeeded, even at his own expense? If he could join in the race, it is not his conscience, offended at the other's wrong-doing which prompts him to utter the cry; it is his vexation at "Bill's" success, and his desire to see him humbled. Hence his taunts when he has succeeded in getting him down.

It is very wrong also thus to obtain rides behind carriages. I should think a boy who would do it deserved reproof or correction; but I should despair of improving *him*, who, vexed at another's good fortune, would call out "Cut behind!" His heart is in the wrong place, and such lads are incorrigible.



CHAPTER XVII.

ANNA BARTON'S AFFECTATIONS.

WHEN I was a little girl, not more than six or seven years old, I became inspired with a great fondness for reading. This led me into some faults which I will tell you of, and among others, I was so vain as to fancy myself one of the most wonderfully "smart" children in the world. I disdained those who were ignorant of books I had read—and all who did not prefer reading to playing.

Upon one occasion, when as usual, I remained in the school-room, instead of going out to play with the other girls at our "intermission," I asked permission of my teacher to read a little book I had seen on her table. It was a pocket edition of Paul and Virginia. I was soon deeply interested, and when my teacher remarked to me :

" You love to read better than to play. Are you not lonely in here ?"

I replied, pressing the little book to my heart :

" With such a companion I am always happy. Indeed, I am ' never less alone, than when alone.' "

How often, since then, have I laughed at the thought of my affectation, and wondered that I was not taught better; but my teacher was proud of my superior intelligence, and too weak to check my vanity. The time I ought to have spent in studying, was wasted in reading frivolous books, and though a natural quickness enabled me to keep up with my classes, and frequently to keep at the head of them, still my knowledge was getting to be very superficial, and my vanity, fostered by indiscreet flattery, showed itself in affectations which must have been disgusting.

I used to seat myself in a conspicuous window, with a large book in my lap, over which I pored attentively for hours. I used words of three or four syllables invariably, when I could find those that expressed my meaning, and made great circumlocutions to introduce favourite phrases which had struck me as particularly fine.

"How is your mother to-day, Anna?" said a gentleman to me.

"She is convalescent, I thank you sir, and we anticipate a complete recovery for her soon," I replied.

"I did not know she had been so ill as you make it appear," said the gentleman.

"She suffers from *ennui* and languor, resulting, I think, from secluding herself so much, and yesterday, was quite overcome with morbid melancholy."

Here my mother, who had overheard our conversation, made her appearance. In vain I affected the dignity which had enabled ten years to utter the above remarks,

but a glance from her calm eye told me I had been overheard, and I left the room immediately, though not too quickly to hear my mother remark :

“Do not be alarmed Mr. Warren ; I had a slight headache yesterday, from want of exercise I suppose, and as I supported my head on my hand for a half hour, the foolish child found a ground-work for her ridiculous fancies.”

“Mr. Arnold has painted his fence in a very funny way,” said a school friend, as we were going to school one morning.

“Yes,” I answered, “painting his fence black indicates great fastidiousness of taste, and disposes me to believe him demented.”

My companion stared at me and made no answer, while I minced along the pavement, meditating on her silence, which I thought was caused by her profound admiration of my large words. But I was a little mortified when we reached school to hear her say to another girl :

“Anna B—— is very ridiculous, if she ain’t a fool, for she can’t talk like other people. She’s too good for my company, that’s certain.”

But I must not stop now to tell you of all my airs, and affected smartness. I quite gave up the manners and occupations of childhood ; sought to associate myself only with grown people, and felt slighted if not allowed to take part in every conversation which took place in my presence. The year that I was eleven, I read all Sir Walter Scott’s novels, and when I was twelve I read Lalla Rookh,

Lord of the Isles, Lady of the Lake, etc. When I had read a book, I considered myself quite competent to pronounce upon its merits, and the capacity of its author, and the surprise my unusual course of reading (unusual for my age) awakened in those who talked to me, flattered me extremely, and consoled me for the mortifications I experienced in the rebukes of my mother, who was pained at my folly, and who vainly sought to make me do better.

My mother I really and affectionately loved, and the reformation from those affectations which I underwent, and which gave me infinitely more simplicity of character at eighteen than at eight, had its root in that profound affection. I had sometimes excused myself when my mother reproved me for my airs, by thinking, "Ah, she does not see how much people admire me, and how I impress every one with my superiority. I am a great credit to her, really."

But so it happened that one day I overheard a conversation like this—

"You have seen Mrs. Barton's Anna, have you not? She is a very disgusting child."

"How so? you surprise me."

"Oh, she has so many absurd affectations. She is always doing or saying something to attract attention; she simpers, throws her head about, and talks as volubly and learnedly as a foolish woman of fashion would be expected to do."

"Does not her mother see her faults, and try to correct them?"

"Yes. She is often deeply mortified by her pertness and her airs, but the child obstinately resists all attempts to improve her, fancying that at twelve, she knows quite as much as her mother at thirty-five. I am afraid she is incorrigible, and as I sincerely esteem Mrs. Barton, it pains me to see her have a child who is such a disgrace to her. As I saw Anna mince into church Sunday morning I said to myself, 'I pity the mother of that compound of vanity and pertness.'"

Oh, I cannot tell you how intensely I was mortified by this; what bitter tears I shed, and what promises I made to myself of amendment. The mother whom I loved so ardently, was disgraced by me; the learning I had fancied so wonderful, was laughed at; I was ready to die of shame. I envied the most stupid child I knew—vowed never to open a book or say "book" again—became afraid to speak lest some long word might call out the sneer I expected to read on every face, and in fine, was truly convinced of my folly, and desirous by immediate improvement to recover my lost position.

I was quiet and humble all day, that day—had no dispute with my brother—assisted my little sister to dress her doll—sewed my task well—finished my lessons, and got ready for bed, sadder but wiser than in all my life before. Then I sent to beg my mother to come into my room, and when she had folded me to her heart, I confessed my vain and foolish arts, and expressing my sorrow for such folly, begged her to pardon me for having been "only a disgrace" to her. She talked to me long

of the beauty of simplicity, and said, "*a modest, ingenuous and transparent character, is a girl's greatest charm. Cultivate such qualities, my daughter, and you will not fail to win love and make me proud of my child.*"

I hope she never had cause to blush again for my vain affectations.



CHAPTER XVIII.

"HARRY" HASTY.

BUT few little girls are neat and tidy about their rooms, unless they are taught by those who have the care of them, to be so. If a girl puts away her clothes when she takes them off, hangs up her dress at night, and places her shoes and stockings carefully aside, her young companions would be very likely to call her "old maidish." Not that she need mind that, for to be as neat as an "old maid" is a very desirable thing; still it shows that the quality is rare among girls, and not as much esteemed as it should be.

A young girl was taken sick in the night, and the physician was sent for hastily. In the mean time, her father, very much alarmed for her, went to her chamber, and what a sight presented itself to his eyes. Her clothes were lying in a ring on the floor, just where she had stepped out of them; her apron strings entangled his feet as he moved towards her; her shoes were scattered about; toilet articles were lying where they had been used when she took her bath for the night; a brush caused him to slip, and the disorder of the whole apartment struck him very painfully.

Harriet Hasty, or "Harry," as she was usually called,

was really very ill, and before her room could be put in order, the physician had arrived. When she was somewhat relieved of her severe pain, and Dr. Emerson had gone away, Mr. Hasty came to her bedside to say good-night, and as he did so, he said :

"I trust, my daughter, you will never again expose yourself and your parents to the mortification you have given us to-night, by your ill-kept and disorderly room. Really, my mortification has been greater than my anxiety. I hope you will be better in the morning, and we will have something more to say about this matter."

In the morning, "Harry" listened to the reproofs of her parents, and manifested some contrition; but her old habits of indolence and carelessness were strong, and she frequently had some great mortifications. I remember one which occurred while I was visiting at Mrs. Hasty's.

"Harry's" grandmother had made her a very nice shoe-bag. It was about the length of a pair of shoes, and had several divisions in it, so that every pair of shoes had its place. This hung in her wardrobe, but truth to say, was not much used. About her wardrobe and her room, were scattered nutshells and half eaten nuts where Harry had been feasting, and had not taken the trouble to "clear up" her apartment afterwards. These attracted the rats who had hiding places in the walls and made nightly sorties into the room, through a hole in the plastering, which being under the bed, she had not discovered. Harry pulled off a pretty pair of bronze shoes, one night, and instead of putting them into her shoe bag, they were

thrown upon the floor, and finally thrust under the bed. There they remained from one Sunday night till the next Sunday morning, and when the careless girl went to put them on, she found the toe and side of one shoe quite eaten up. She was in despair, and cried aloud; her mother hearing her, entered her room, and learned the cause of the outcry.

"You are justly punished, Harriet," she said, "I do not pity you, at all. You must either remain at home from Church to-day, and for several Sundays, or you must wear these old school-shoes, which are indeed very shabby."

Harry knew well that her father would not suffer her to stay at home, and reluctantly she put on the old shoes. For a month she had no others to wear; but during that month a change took place in the looks of her room, and in her own personal appearance. Her shoes were put out of the rats' way, the state of affairs under the bed was looked into, and the hole stopped up. The nutshells disappeared, and her clothes no longer made rings on the floor. She really deserved the handsome new shoes she found lying by her bed one Sunday morning, and she never again deserved the name of "sloven."

CHAPTER XIX.

SELFISHNESS.

IT is a great fault of children who have the misfortune to be alone in a family, to be selfish. They are so much accustomed to having their own way in everything, that they have no idea that any one else can have a different way, and have as much right to it as they have to theirs. They have never been thwarted by one of their own age, and the parents of "only" children are generally so indulgent, that they are thwarted by no one. Thus they become very selfish, and are not accustomed to the exercise of such winning and delightful attributes as generosity, magnanimity, meekness and humility. Is it not, therefore, a misfortune for children to live without play-fellows?

Last summer I saw a great deal of a little boy, who was "an only child." His parents had lost, by death, three children older than himself, and though not foolishly indulgent, they were much less inclined to be "strict" with him than if such had not been the case. When in health, he had fine spirits, a great deal of energy of character, and with all, a very strong will, to which he seemed disposed to make all other wills yield. Such a disposition, unchecked by the watchful control which should have been

exercised, and uncurbed by never having to "give up" to a playmate, became very manifest and was not at all agreeable.

For the first time in his life this little boy had playmates, in the family where his mamma was visiting. Now his selfishness, which was more the result of his training, or want of training, and of circumstances, than of a naturally selfish disposition, began to show itself. If he saw any playthings which he fancied, he claimed them as his own, or begged for them to play with, when told that they belonged to some one else. He was angry if any garment belonging to himself was put on another child; he was even angry if his old clothes or shoes were given to another. He could not see that they were too shabby for himself—he only knew that they were *his*, and therefore he thought no one else had any right to them. One day, just before they went back to the city, his mamma put a pair of his gaiters on his little cousin's feet, to see what size of shoes should be sent up to him from town. The selfish little boy flew into a great passion about it; "they were *his* shoes, and Charlie had no right to them." He would not allow any one to touch what belonged to his mamma, more than his own things, or to wear any thing he had ever seen her wear.

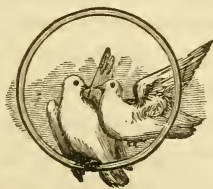
"Mamma, *I* want that wheelbarrow." "But it is Charlie's wheelbarrow." "*I* want it—I have no wheelbarrow to play with." Then Charlie's mamma would tell her child to let his cousin have it, and so Charlie, who was more yielding in disposition, would give up the plaything. Such

scenes were of constant occurrence, and were extremely disagreeable to all. To his mother they were painful, for they betrayed so much that was unamiable in her child. The boy was lively, intelligent, ingenuous, but he displayed a trait of character for which none of those qualities could compensate. The only hope was, that as circumstances had contributed so much to forming such a disposition, different circumstances in which she intended he should be placed, would aid her in correcting his fault. She was glad he had a strong will, and strong points of character ; she admired decision, firmness, energy, perseverance and ingenuity. But she admired, also, generosity, and that gentle desire to make others happy, which renders a person yielding and amiable. He was willing enough and ready to say, when an apple was given to him, " Please give me one for Charlie ;" but he never said, " I will give Charlie a piece of my apple." He liked to have Charlie gratified and made happy, but not at *his* expense.

One day, a pretty little toy was given to the young visitor. Hitherto the playthings had all belonged to Charlie. Charlie had a number of them ; he was in his own house, surrounded by servants and friends who almost idolized him, for he, too, was an only child, and a very handsome, engaging one, and, therefore, there were fewer things to annoy and disturb him, than his cousin. He was usually well-disposed to yield, even when his playmate was so unkindly exacting. Now, as I have said, the pretty toy—a little horse and wheels—was not Charlie's, but his cousin's, and the child appeared in a new character.

“Mamma, *shall* Charlie tubble (trouble) my new horse? It is *my* horse, my papa brought it to me; *you* mustn’t have it,” etc., were the little boy’s frequent expressions. In vain the representation was made to him that *he* had played with Charlie’s toys, and now he should let Charlie play with his. He would brook no interference, no “tubbling,” as he called it, with anything of his.

I do not wish to tell the name of this little boy, for it would be mortifying to his friends, and when he grows older it would mortify *him* very much to know that so many knew of his now prominent fault. He is not three years old yet, and before he is old enough to read and understand about it, I hope he will have changed and improved very much. I have written this account of him that those who read it may learn from it how very unpleasing and disagreeable a fault selfishness is. I hope they will guard against it, as they wish to be happy themselves, or to make others so. The truest, purest happiness in this world is that which springs from a conscience that acquits them of all intentional error, of mean selfishness especially.



CHAPTER XX.

WHY GIRLS SHOULD BE TREATED WITH RESPECT.

HOW strange it is that boys should think they exhibit manliness, when they treat women or girls with disrespect! It is the very opposite of *gentle*-manliness, as I have often said before. It is a libel on their sisters and mothers, for if they had good, and worthy, and loveable women about them, they would be supposed to cherish for such relatives a degree of respect, which would extend itself to all of their sex.

There is another reason why girls are deserving of respect from boys, and why women are worthy of the courtesy with which they are treated by gentlemen. A girl has purer and more guarded associations than boys have. She sees less that is coarse, and degraded, and revolting, and sensual; sights of sin and drunkenness, and the words of profanity and low ribaldry, are less common to her eyes and ears. She has the gentle and refining influence of a mother exercised over her, in its full force, longer than boys have. Thus she is, or should be, much purer and more refined, and she is worthy of regard for these reasons.

Girls have also an opportunity for the cultivation of virtues and graces which boys have not. They learn to be more unselfish, and less considerate of their own per-

sonal comfort; but such disinterestedness is the principal charm of a true woman. They learn to be patient with those weaker and inferior to themselves; they are gentle, and tender, and capable of a great endurance of fatigue or suffering, for the sake of those they love. With what tender solicitude have I seen a daughter care for the comfort and happiness of a father, or a sister watching by the bedside of a suffering mother; and what can equal a mother's devotions to her children, for whom she endures hours of weary watching without a murmur. So, a good, faithful wife, is "a crown of glory to her husband," the Bible says. In another place, a great affection is said to be "*surpassing the love of woman*," as if that was the tenderest and most devoted feeling the world could show evidence of.

In young girls are the germs, or the undeveloped virtues, which make women so estimable in their peculiar characters and relations. As they grow older, if a proper and judicious training is their lot, whether the training is the result of a parent's care, or a teacher's counsels, or of controlling circumstances, or the force of their own fine impulses, they will lose the vanity and petty weaknesses which mar the loveliness of their characters; and when "Time, Truth, Grief and Grace" have done their work, a "perfect woman" is a fit object for respectful courtesy, for admiration, for profound and tender love.

How, then, is it manly to be uncourteous and rude to them? Does the mere superiority of strength, which, unrestrained by refinement, is simply brutal,—does this

give boys a right to be rude? Far from it. In many of the nobler brutes, their great strength is often accompanied by a species of magnanimity, which renders them tender of those weaker than themselves. A boy, then, who makes use of his greater strength and fearlessness to tease and torment a little girl, is more than a brute. It is a strong word to use, but it is a true definition of the propensity, to say that it is fiendish.

Those young men who have had it in their power to associate familiarly with eloquent, and refined, and amiable women, are always noticeable for a superior polish and ease of manner. They have the courteous and graceful bearing exhibited towards all who are their inferiors in strength, which in the olden time distinguished *knights* and *chevaliers*, and was the certain token of *gentle* or refined breeding. They were reverent to old age, courteous towards ladies, tender of young children, and affable to their inferiors in rank.

Here is the lesson for girls, that they should see to it, and become what I have said a true woman ought to be, gentle, loving, considerate, unselfish, patient and devoted. Then they will all be worthy of the courtesy which they claim.

And to the boys who read this letter, I would say,—any rudeness, or slight, or disrespect towards a girl, is an evidence of a nature which *must* be controlled and restrained, or you will never deserve the title of gentlemen.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROPRIETIES IN TRAVELING.

IT is not an uncommon thing to find young people who are considered well-bred, and pleasant-mannered at home, not simply regardless of proprieties in traveling, but so inconsiderate of any thing but their own comfort, that they become great nuisances to other travelers. This is the case with such children as are only superficial in their conduct; I mean such as behave, because they have been taught that this thing or that is vulgar, and low-bred, rather than because their hearts are trained to kindness, and their politeness is its outworking. When thrown into new scenes, and exposed to disagreeable circumstances, they act out the natural impulses of their selfish, or querulous spirits, and become wonderfully unpleasant companions.

In bright contrast to these is the conduct of the amiable and unselfish. To be an agreeable traveling companion is a great recommendation, and is a character all would wish to bear if only they could "see themselves as others see them."

I have traveled much in the last few years, both by sea and land, and, as I am apt to do, I have made many

observations on the people around me. I have had occasion to note the well-bred and the ill-bred, the amiable and the unamiable, and have drawn from their conduct some important lessons.

Before I speak of behaviour, however, I wish to refer to some proprieties of dress and other preparations for a journey, which it is desirable to attend to.

Nobody who is aware of the "wear and tear" which assails her garments on a journey, will wear fine or light, or otherwise delicate dresses, or shawls or bonnets. Exposure to the weather, which may unexpectedly become stormy; to the dust, and to the rudeness of those around, in the rush and crush which are the characteristics of traveling now-a-days, will effectually ruin almost any kind of clothing. Ladies, therefore, are accustomed now to provide for themselves and their children, the plainest and most substantial kinds of dresses, shoes, shawls, coats, bonnets, and hats. All silks, laces, embroideries, fine ribbons, muslins, and jewelry, are considered, very properly, to be in bad taste in railroad cars or steamboats.

If it is desirable to wear a brooch, let it be of the plainest and simplest kind. Wear your watch chain out of sight, or suspend your watch, as some do, by a black cord or ribbon. A thick veil is indispensable, as you are liable to be much annoyed by dust, or smoke and cinders, and also by the stares of rude and vulgar people with whom you are liable anywhere to come into close contact.

As for dresses, a plain-coloured *foularde* in summer, or a neat linen *chambrey*, or better still, a *de bage*, are ap-

propriate materials. Plain straw bonnets, with green or other very neat coloured ribbons on them; linen collars, under handkerchiefs, and cambric sleeves, gloves to match the dresses in hue, and gaiter boots, complete a neat traveling costume for ladies. Gentlemen usually carry traveling caps in their pockets, and wear loose brown linen sacques over their coats. It is a good plan to provide yourselves with convenient baskets which will hold night clothes, combs, and brushes, a small needle-case—containing sewing materials, and a pincushion. In addition to these, a bottle of *good* cologne is of great use; its odor is reviving, and it will refresh you to rub your hands and face with it, where it is not possible to make as plentiful use of water as you desire. I carry, in addition to these, one or two small towels, and a sponge. Children want crackers, oftentimes; and apples are good for them. But candies, cakes, juicy fruits, tarts, &c., are not only unwholesome, but make their faces, hands, and clothes so dirty, that they are to be avoided by all means. Linen coats, trowsers, sacques, and aprons, are best for children's clothes, unless the weather is very cold.

As children seldom travel alone, it is to be supposed their parents, or those who have the care of them, will keep a close observance of all they do, and try to prevent their becoming annoyances to those around them. One thing, however, the children themselves must attend to. That is, that they pay the most entire and unquestioning obedience to any command given to them, or wish expressed, by those older. There are so many perils attend-

ing journeys, especially in these latter days, that there cannot be too much care exercised by their guardians, or too implicit obedience paid by the children.

I shall reserve, for another chapter, my personal observations in my journeys.



CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT IN A SEA-STEAMER.

I WILL not undertake to recall all the many scenes which twelve years of constant travel have brought me, but an incident or two in a recent journey will not prove uninteresting.

When I left the city in which I reside it was in a steam-boat, and we were soon at sea, where the water was so rough, and the boat rocked so uneasily, that several of the passengers were sea-sick. Sea-sickness is one of the most unpleasant sensations in the world, and does not dispose those who suffer from it to be very amiable. The little children cared least for it, and though some were sick, it did not appear to affect their temper as much as it did that of some who were older, and ought to have known better.

There were three young girls, who looked very neat in their new travelling costume, when they first came on board, and who seemed to be very lively and cheerful, but their liveliness soon subsided into almost total silence, broken only by impatience, and even rude exclamations of annoyance and illness. One was very cross to the chambermaid, who could not do anything to please her; she also spoke pettishly to her sister and cousin, which seemed to be the relation the others bore to her. She

sent several times for her father, and complained of her unpleasant feelings to him, as if he occasioned or could prevent them. Altogether, she certainly did all she could to make others as uncomfortable as herself, and when I looked at her cross face and listened to her pettish, whining tones, I wondered I could ever have been pleased with her.

Her younger sister was much like her, only she made fewer demonstrations of ill temper; she seemed much more reserved, and would sometimes reprove "Elinor" in a sharp tone for "making such a fuss." But if she said less, she was certainly no less unamiable than her sister. "Carrie," as they called their cousin, was a gentle, blue-eyed little girl, who was in reality a much greater sufferer than the sisters were, but she was certainly the sweetest tempered girl; she seemed to try to give as little trouble as possible; she had gentle tones, and said pleasant words, and even tried to smile when her uncle asked her how she felt.

It seemed they had all been at school during the winter in C., and were now going home, and the father looked very sorrowful as he contemplated the unpleasant countenances of his children, and saw these indications; for whatever change had been effected in his children for the better, it certainly was not their tempers which had improved.

When night came on, and the sea-sickness only grew more unbearable, the confusion became greater, and the scene was sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes shocking.

One lady lost her false hair, which, with her side-combs, went rolling on the cabin floor, in company with some ginger-bread which strayed from her work-bag. The attentive chambermaid picked them all up, and helped the poor lady to a couch, but her groans were most sonorous and expressive. A curtain was drawn, separating the ladies who, had no accommodations except mattresses on the saloon floor, from the gentlemen, who were similarly unfortunate, on the other side.

Among the ladies was one who had not been long married to her present husband; she had been a widow, and made great pretensions to refinement and intellectual cultivation. The husband was quite a servant to her various whims, which, however, were usually expressed in very insinuating tones. Now, as she rolled on her bed, her groans and complaints were indicative of any thing but refined affection. "Good Lord, Mr. W.!" "What, my love?" from the other side of the curtain. "Oh, I *shall* die—I'm awfully sick. Come here and hold my head." "I can't, my darling, I also am"—and here his sentence was cut short by sounds of no unequivocal nature. "Come here, I say; what did you take me to sea for, when you could not take care of me? You are a brute, Mr. W. Oh, Lord!" But enough of this.

I have but one more thing to tell, and then I must stop, having hardly finished my sea voyage, and reserving all my railroad adventures for another time.

A friend, who passed most of the night on the upper deck, told me of a little incident which was quite a relief

to the usual disagreeable scenes of sickness at sea. There was a lady, evidently from the country, and of plain appearance, who was sitting with her son near the boat-railing. He held her head whenever there came a paroxysm of sickness. By-and-by, the young man also became sick, and was about putting her head down on the bench, while he went to the other side of the boat. A number of well-dressed and fashionable young men were walking up and down the deck. One of them observing the mother and son, and the situation of the latter, went up to him at once and kindly asked to be allowed to take his place; and there he sat, and actually held the old lady's head for two or three hours. When he joined his companions, he had to bear much raillery on the subject of his gallantry, and his odd choice of a lady to whom to be polite. He took it very well, and his reply quite hushed their rattle.

"You may laugh as much as you please, but I thought if she were my mother, how I should feel to see her obliged to be neglected, and I am not at all ashamed of the impulse which induced me to offer my services."

I wish his mother could have heard him; I think she would have been more proud of him than ever. This little incident, and the sweet serenity, under such unpleasant circumstances, which the gentle "cousin Carrie" had shown, impressed me very much, in the contrast they formed, to the usual selfishness of people when sea-sick.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DAY ON A RAILROAD.

“**W**AS you ever in the cars before?”
“If I had a’ been I shoudn’t be here now,”
was the reply, in a nasal and querulous tone.

I was sitting before the speakers, in a fine car on the — railroad, and the above question was asked and answered, at the first station which we reached, after leaving the city of S—. I turned around to see who the persons conversing might be, for the answer of the old lady had amused me. She was a fresh arrival from the heart of New England. She had accompanied her son, who, with his family lived at the South, on this long, and to her mind, most perilous journey. A “wagon” had conveyed them to the ship, which landed them at S—. She was not afraid at sea, for a neighbor of her’s “had been a sea-faring man for forty-odd years, and never been drowned;” but the horrid din, “the supernat’ral speed” of the cars was too much for her, and then “Miss Johnson’s brother’s wife’s son, by her first marriage, had been killed, she believed, in this very State of Georgia, on the railroad. He ’tended the ingine, and had been throw’d off and fractioned his skull.”

These particulars, I heard her give to her questioner, a

respectably-clad woman from the interior, who was so much more at home on the outlandish vehicles, because "the road run now within a mile and a half of her house, which used to be more than thirty-six miles from a town."

The old lady groaned and complained during the remainder of the day, and reproached her son for bringing her to a place which must be reached by such a mode of travelling. Sometimes the scenes between them were amusing, at other times they were annoying to the involuntary listeners. These were not all the annoyances of that day. The heat was most excessive--the dust and smoke perfectly unbearable, and the scarcity of good water a great source of discomfort to the crowded, wearied passengers. There were some small children along with us, who were foolishly supplied with candies and cakes almost incessantly, which aggravated the thirst incident to the heat and suffocation. They were greedy, dirty, cross, sleepy, and altogether very uncomfortable little associates. Two of them, however, formed an exception to these remarks. One was a lively, intelligent child, about two years old--the other a noble, though rather delicate looking lad of perhaps ten years.

"Oh papa," said he, as he caught sight of the younger child in a remote part of the car, "how much that little boy is like my little brother Malcolm. May I go ask his mother to let him come and sit with us?"

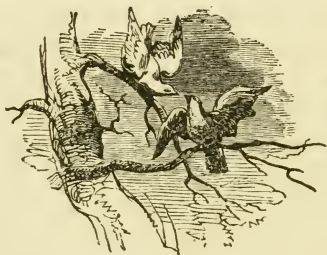
The permission was granted, the request made and acceded to,—the little one was enchanted with the pros-

pect of a relief from the monotony of his own seat, from which he dared not wander alone,—and all parties looked pleased. The lad, whose name was Leslie, took most tender care of the little Bertie. If the cars stopped long enough for any one to leave them, Leslie's father carried Bertie out in his arms to give him some fresh air. Leslie himself continually pointed out every object which could interest the child.

I was pleased as I regarded him forgetting his own discomforts to please the little fellow; whenever he had a chance he bathed his face and hands in the cool water,—often giving him drink. He was most solicitous lest the child should eat anything which would provoke thirst; an unripe banana was thrown away, a ripe one carefully peeled, a ginger-cake put out of sight, a piece of juicy apple given,—and thus he was continually consulting the happiness of his little protégé. Not a complaint was heard from Leslie during the whole weary day. He changed his seat, preferring to have the sun in his own face rather than in the child's; he patiently held his head when he fell asleep, and carefully protected him from the black motes which are so annoying in the cars.

I truly believe Leslie was the happiest person in the cars that day, because he was *least selfish*; he was so much occupied attending to the comfort of the little one, as to entirely forget himself, and consequently his own troubles. That was the secret of the day's pleasure, and of the kind words and looks which all gave him who saw his unselfishness. I can answer for Bertie's mamma, that she

blessed the lad in her heart, and will never forget his kindness. When we reached M——, Leslie said—"It has been a pleasant day, papa, has it not?" The weary passengers who heard him smiled; but all acknowledged he had deserved the day should be a pleasant one to him.



CHAPTER XXIV.

OBSERVATIONS DURING A VISIT.

BEFORE relating what I have observed, when visiting, I wish to give some hints in regard to the conduct proper for a person, when entertained as a guest in a friend's family.

I have known a lady, by birth, I mean, for you will soon think she was no lady in reality, who would take advantage of the intimacy allowed her in times of sickness, when we are all more or less dependent on the kind services of friends, to find out all the most secret affairs of the family, and noise them abroad, with additions of her own, making, oftentimes, very scandalous stories out of quite innocent matters. The privacy of a family should be sacred to all who enter its bounds. There are mistakes made, scenes occurring, and words spoken in every household, which, if told to the world, would make endless mischief and unhappiness. There is apt to be so much misapprehension, and stories of this kind gain so much in relating, that the best way is to make it a rule to tell nothing you have seen or heard, unless you are *very sure* that it is a trifling matter, containing no germ of sorrow

or trouble to any one. A scandal-monger, like the person I have referred to, might well be punishable by law.

Some families are much more unguarded than others, and in such there should be more care exercised by the guest, not to learn or hear anything which the world might not know, and when such sight and hearing are involuntary, to keep a double guard over their lips in reference to it. It would be a wretched return for hospitality, thus to violate the most sacred obligations which can possibly be imposed upon you.

Children consider it "*mean*" "to tell tales out of school." This is the principle, in its full working, which the guest must observe towards the family where he is entertained.

In whatever I may have to say, therefore, of families where I have visited, you will observe that I report only what may serve as useful lessons for my young readers; and that in doing so, I give you such fictitious names of persons, places, &c., that no delicacy is violated by what I disclose.

I once spent a summer in a family where there were two or three children, who had the advantage of continual and excellent instruction from loving and sensible parents. I was desirous of seeing how far it was possible for young people to do right, under such circumstances. In writing this book, I have gone upon the supposition that parents and teachers can effect little unless the young people give them the assistance of docile, willing spirits, co-operating

with them in all their efforts to improve the manners, mind and hearts of their young charges. It was thus that I accounted for the faults found in Ellen, Henry, and "Puss;" in spite of their good mother's counsels, they were careless of their own improvement, and made all her attempts to benefit them only "up-hill work."

The oldest daughter of Mrs. Larcom was ten years old, and was learning music. Every morning was heard, "Ellen, it is time that you were practising."

"Yes, mother. Just wait a minute for me, I am so sleepy;" and then she proceeded with her dressing at such an indolent rate, that half an hour was usually gone from her practice time before she took her seat at the piano. I was sitting on the piazza one morning, near the window where the piano stood, and heard Ellen talking to herself in an under tone:

"There, I wish I was not learning music! What a plague it is; and mother thinks I must sit here *three hours*, every day. I am sure two, or even one, would answer. She never studied music, and she don't know anything about how much time is necessary to learn to play well. Don't Harriet Evans play well? and I heard her say she never practised more than an hour and a half a day. Miss Chandler says *three hours*—and so mother insists upon it—but I'll not do it; that's a fact."

How much I pitied her mother. And I sighed for the wilful girl who could indulge such a bad spirit.

Next older was a boy of twelve. He was a manly boy,

who loved to study, and was ambitious to bring home a perfect report every month from his school teacher. He was a good boy at home, generally; I do not think he would wilfully have done what was wrong or disrespectful; but he sometimes failed in the proper respect one should show to his parents—particularly to his father, who was not a stern man, and of whom Henry was by no means afraid. The beautiful trait in childhood and youth, of reverence for age, which induces a respectful manner, when in company with one whose character and age demand such respect, seemed wanting in his otherwise excellent character. Like all boys, he had certain rude and uncouth ways of making noises and gestures, and giving vent generally to a high flow of animal spirits, which, if exhibited only when among his boyish companions, would be very entertaining, I doubt not. But these noises were heard about the house and in the parlor, and the decorum of the table was sometimes violated by master Henry's antics. In all this he meant no wrong. I am sure he loved his father, and would not fail in a proper respect for him, were it not from his boyish carelessness. Some day when Henry is old, and has boys around him, he will see the propriety and beauty of a more respectful and filial manner and course of personal conduct. He needed then to become more thoughtful and respectful, and less rude and boisterous in his general manner.

One more person shall be named. She was called

"Puss," as children sometimes are in Southern families. She was about eight years old, and being the youngest child, had been petted a great deal. She sat by her mamma at the table, and sometimes exhibited an awkward shyness in asking for what she desired—expressing her wishes only in an almost unintelligible manner. She had another and opposite fault at the table. She often forgot her shyness, and expressed her opinion of the various dishes on the table in as loud a voice as any one. She told what she liked, and how she liked it, and thus called the attention of all to her preferences. This was not desirable in an older person, and was particularly improper in a little girl. Of course the first fault showed itself chiefly whenever there were guests at the table, and the latter when she was alone with the family.

Now "Puss" was a good girl; she was generally obedient and kind and respectful to those older than herself; she took good care of her play-things, and was neat in her dress. If she had not been very lazy about getting up to prayers in the morning, and if she would have corrected these table faults, I should have found considerable to praise in little "Puss."



CHAPTER XXV.

THE CHILDREN'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

JULIA and Frank Ellerton had an uncle, the brother of their father, who lived in the country. When Julia was about ten years old, and Frank was twelve, Mr. and Mrs. Ellerton went to the North to spend the summer, and the children were sent out to "Uncle Frank's," to remain during the absence of their parents. It was in the beautiful month of June. The country wore its most attractive garb: the woods were rich in their wealth of foliage, and the lanes were rendered shady and cool by the overarching boughs of the noble trees. Occasionally they crossed a rivulet or "branch" as "Dad July" the old carriage driver, called the little streams. The water flowed clear and bright, on the sparkling sand and pebbles; sometimes when the horses stopped to drink at these streams, the children were allowed to get out and run on a little way in advance, especially if there was a hill to go up.

Their Uncle Frank, who had come down to town for them, encouraged them in this fine exercise of running

and walking—and young Frank was extremely happy; all the beauty of the scene was enjoyed by him. His spirits rose and his heart beat joyfully, when in the early morning the leaves, and grass and wayside weeds, sparkled in the sun's rays, before the heat had drunk up the dewy gems which adorned them. The songs of the birds were heard all around them, and involuntarily his lips uttered a song of praise, as if, in unison with the birds, he blessed the Creator of this loveliness; the fresh breezes exhilarated him, and a genial spirit of pleasure pervaded his whole being. Thus too, at noon, when they stopped in the shady woods to lunch, and to allow the tired horses to rest during the heat of the day, then stretching himself on the cool mossy ground, Frank listened to the busy hum of a thousand insects flitting about in the sunshine, or to the murmuring leaves, or the music of some gentle rill which was stealing along through the woods. Such sounds were melody to him, and if they soothed and charmed him to sleep, they also inspired him with happy dreams.

Again, when evening was coming on, how beautiful the hour to Frank; the gathering gloom of the old woods, the sighing and moaning through the trees of the night wind, the distant scream of a bird of darkness; all these induced in him meditation; and a dim vision of, he scarce knew what, came around him, peopling the gloom with the forms of his friends from whom he was separated, or with the spirits of those whose acquaintance he had made in history and in fiction. Thus was Frank always happy in

his own feelings, as aroused by the surrounding circumstances. It mattered little to him that his uncle was sometimes wrapped up in thoughts of his business, which disinclined him to converse, or that Julia was ill-tempered and peevish and continually making complaints.

How differently Julia spent the time the journey occupied! When Frank and herself walked up the hills, Julia was "so tired," and "so warm and thirsty." Then the pebbles in the road "hurt her feet," and the sun was "burning her face." In the morning she grumbled because she had to get up so early, and "everything was wet with the hateful dew;" and when they stopped in the woods at noon, "the flies stung her, and black bugs crawled up on her," and a "great nasty toad *almost* hopped on her." As the evening came on, she was always complaining of being tired, and every other moment she would start and clasp Frank's arm, and say she was sure she heard some one coming behind them softly, to rob and murder them. When they stopped for the night at a respectable but plain country house, she could not eat "the black, hard biscuit, and her coffee was muddy;" besides a thousand faults which she found with the way in which things were served.

All this mortified and annoyed Frank very much, and he sought by his own good humored cheerfulness, to make amends for her ill temper, and tried to hide it from her uncle's notice. The grandfather of these children had been a planter; Mr. Frank Ellerton, their uncle, had a

fancy for a country life, and lived yet on the same plantation on which he had grown up from infancy—he led the happy and independent life of a wealthy well educated country gentleman. His brother, the father of these children, had gone from the college where both brothers were educated, to the study and practice of law, and had thus led a city life. The children had not been into the country so far before, since they were very small. We have seen what circumstances induced this visit, and of what different dispositions were Frank and Julia.

After a journey of three days, they reached “Frank Farm,” as the place was called. You will see that the name of “Frank” was a favorite one in the family. Old Mr. Ellerton used to say, its Saxon signification of ‘free, fearless, brave and honest,’ made it a noble name, and he was proud to have it a *family* name, as he desired its signification to be a *family* characteristic. They found at Frank Farm the wife and three daughters of their uncle, (he had no sons,) and also their venerable grandfather, and were received with such a cordial welcome, as should have forever banished all fault-finding from Julia’s lips. This, I grieve to say, was not the case. At first she only muttered to herself, or complained in private to Frank, when things did not please her; but by and by, she would speak freely of the petty things which she had not the good sense and real politeness to overlook, and which were deficiencies in style to which she had been accustomed.

“How could her aunt and cousins drink out of a gourd!

it made no difference if it was bound with silver and handsomely cut from the cocoa-nut, it was nothing but a gourd, and every body drank out of it, and *she* would not ; she would always go into the dining room and get a tumbler, or one of the girls' silver cups. Then they had corn-bread on the table—it scratched her throat and she could not eat it, and it was so vulgar to eat cabbage—she never ate anything but a little cauliflower at home. *Sometimes*, too, she had seen her young cousins eat with steel forks—which was the height of vulgarity.

How could they wear such great clod-hopper shoes, so different from her delicate French gaiters ; and the ugly calico bonnets, and coarse gloves ! Uncle Frank wore brown homespun pantaloons, and a *hat* which protected his face from the sun, it was true, but she would be ashamed to own him for her uncle if any of her city friends were to see him with it on ! They burned candles instead of having gas, or solar lamps, and they even made them themselves ! Her aunt and cousins understood how to make candles, and to put cloth in the looms, or rather to prepare the looms for the women to weave ; they attended to the butter churning, and took off the cream for table use. They cut out the coarse clothes for the negroes, and taught the little negro girls to sew ; each of her cousins was training up a seamstress for herself. By and by, they made preserves and pickles ; and they put in quilts which they had pieced themselves, and helped to quilt them ; they made by turns the light bread and cakes, and puddings

and pastry for the table. There was no end to the vulgar country employments in which they engaged, and she was quite disgusted. She longed to return to the elegance and refinements of her own home, where such things were never heard of, or certainly never talked about.

She was very much astonished when she found that all her cousins could play and sing better than she could, and could also play exquisitely on the guitar, and that they had all the new music ; and that her uncle had the newspapers, and Reviews, and new books in his fine, large library, almost as soon as her papa had them.

But the greatest astonishment of all was yet to come. Her friend Clara Rush, who lived in the city, had confided to her the secret, that the great statesman, the Hon. Mr. —, had paid her eldest sister, Cornelia, a great deal of attention at the springs, the summer before, and she *believed* Cornelia *thought* she had secured him for a husband, for he danced, and walked and rode with her. Ellen Ellerton, Julia's oldest cousin, had also spent a month at the springs, and had often been of their party, but she dressed so plainly, and never waltzed or polkaed, so of course he did not pay her much attention. But in September, the extraordinary preparations bespoke something more than the expected visit of her parents, who were then to come for the children. Yes ! "Cousin Ellen" was then to be married, and was going to Europe with her husband, who had a foreign appointment, and was no other than the Hon. Mr. — ! Julia was aghast ! There was

something she could not understand. How could the simple manners of Ellen Ellerton attract before all the style of Cornelia Rush? Those country girls whom she so despised, must possess some secret attraction she could not comprehend. Can you guess what it was, young friends?



CHAPTER XXVI.

THE UNGUARDED LOOK.

“WHY, in the world, does Agnes Haight treat me with so much coolness?” asked a lively young girl of her companion, as they one day passed the residence of the lady of whom they were speaking.

“Why ; have you observed any special coldness of late? I thought you liked her, Anna, and that she returned the kindly feeling,” said the friend.

“So I do like her ; it’s true she puts on a great many airs, considering what her early life was ; but then—”

“I do not agree with you, that she ‘puts on airs,’ Anna. She is very dignified and lady-like, and converses well, and I see no assumption of the lady in her manner, which she does not fully and consistently maintain.”

“Oh, Maria! where should she learn anything about good manners, and what does she know of good society, that she presumes to give her opinion upon it? You know very well she never had any training at home, and since she was grown—”

“Pardon my interrupting you again, Anna. She has

had good opportunities to know what good society is. You know she was at a large, well-governed school for several years, where her mind received a degree of cultivation which would fit her for any sphere ; it is true the graces learned there, were chiefly intellectual ; but her mind was so strengthened and disciplined as to give tone to her character. The mere conventional forms of society, its superficial *dictum* and observances do not require years of profound investigation and study. Agnes Haight was a refined woman when she left school, though she was quite uninitiated in the ways of the world. You know she went South immediately, and taught in the school of Mrs. Adair. She had the oldest young ladies of the school in her classes, for she was well fitted to give them belles-lettres instruction, and also to teach the modern languages. Some of these young ladies were already entering into society. They belonged to wealthy, refined families, and were remarkable for elegant manners. Agnes was very observant. She needed scarcely a hint from others. She appreciated the good breeding and elegance which surrounded her, and instinctively became elegant, easy, and graceful, as well as dignified and agreeable. Besides this unconscious training, she had the benefit of the constant society and example of Mrs. Adair, one of the most elegant and high-bred women I ever saw—for I became very well acquainted with her during her long visits to the North, paid in the family of her brother, Rev. Dr. —."

"And so you say that Agnes Haight is a perfect lady,

in spite of all we know of her childhood, when she was surrounded by poverty, and saw nothing of the refinements of polished society?"

"Yes, I do, Anna. Miss Haight is just as well qualified to speak upon such subjects now as any one I know. Much *better* qualified to do it than any one whose social advantages have been limited to this little town. She has, for many years past, mingled in the *best* society of the South, and, indeed, of most of the northern cities. She is, as I have remarked, observant, and quick in perception; very discriminating, very refined, and has had years of practice in the social graces. There is no trace of vulgarity about her—supposing she were born with it, or contracted it from early association—and you (don't be offended, Anna) and I, and most of the young people in this goodly town, might be taught by her."

"Maria, I cannot agree with you."

"I know it, and lament it; for it only argues your own blindness and inability to see of what striking advantage she might be to you. Why, Anna, she has moved, with honor, surrounded by the admiration of all who observed her, in brilliant and elevated circles, which we might be happy to peep into."

"Where did you learn so much of her?"

"From those who knew her in the South; from my own observation of her in society, and from a thousand evidences which are given by the letters she receives; by the numerous presents which reach her, and by the

pressing invitations which, coming from most attractive parties, making it a matter of principle, rather than choice, that keeps her in this dull, little place, where she is totally unappreciated, and where she is liable to be 'snubbed' by those who are so much inferior to her."

"You are very severe, Maria. I have not 'snubbed' her, as you call it."

"You have forgotten it, my dear; but I will recall it to your mind. Do you remember one evening, when I was speaking of something she had told me, and giving some of her lively comments on society and its forms? You glanced towards your mother, with an expression upon your countenance of the most ineffable contempt. 'The *idea* of Agnes Haight making such strictures!' it seemed to say. Your mother returned it with a look of sympathy; nothing was said, for Mrs. Haight was in the room. You supposed the glances were unseen; but I unfortunately observed them, and — so did Mrs. Haight; from her mother, not from myself, she heard of it. Do you wonder that she does not feel very cordial?"

"I am sorry if any mischief was made. I certainly would not have said what I thought, and what my glance, to mamma, expressed. I *did* think she made great pretensions, considering who she was."

"But she made those remarks to me, knowing that I would appreciate them, and that I understood the right she had to make them. I was wrong in repeating them, when they were *not* appreciated."

"Oh, Maria! you make me feel so small and contemptible; what a lesson this will be to me."

"I hope so, my dear Annie. Learn two things from it. In the first place, learn to control your countenance better. Never express by it what you would not wish to say in words. I am not the only person in the world who reads expressions quickly and truly. As much pain is often given by a look as by words. You know when Jesus found it necessary to reprove Peter, for his gross falsehood, 'he turned and looked at him, and Peter went out and wept bitterly.' Thus you see, how much can be expressed by the countenance, and how necessary it is to gain a control over that, as well as over the tongue."

"Do you think I am apt to express in my face what I would not wish to say?"

"I will remind you of another scene, and then you shall answer for yourself. Don't you remember when your little cousin Harry had that bad wound on his shoulder, and that one day you were in the room, when the doctor came to see it. His mother did not want *you* to see it—it was necessary, however, for it to be unbandaged, and you caught sight of it. It was a dreadfully painful sight; it was indeed disgusting to any one who had so little sympathy for the child as to allow such a sensation to mingle with the emotions which were necessarily awakened. For myself, I only thought—'poor darling little Harry'—what *you* thought I will not judge; but your countenance, as you turned away, wore such an ex-

pression of disgust upon it, as made Mrs. Arden feel very uncomfortable."

"I would not have pained aunt Ellen for the world, Maria. I *did* pity Harry, and herself, too, for she had a tedious time with the child."

"Well, then, you must remember not to suffer your countenance to wear such expressions. I would quite as soon see a disgusting sight, as a face expressing that feeling. It is *often* unkind, *very often* impolite thus to show sensations which are only disagreeable to yourselves and others. A *pleasant* smile does, on the contrary, more good, many a time, than a pleasant word; it is so often an involuntary thing, that we have come to regard the countenance as a better test of sincerity than the tongue."

"You have given me some ideas which I had never before entertained. Do try again, dear Maria, and think up some of my errors in this respect. You are my good genius I believe."

"Thank you, Anna; if I do you any good it will be because you take so kindly what I say in regard to your faults. I will remind you then of one thing more. When we were in New York last fall, we were one day in a *very* crowded omnibus; do you recall the particular time?"

"I believe I do. We had been down town, and it was towards evening when those omnibuses go up so crowded. But I am quite unconscious of committing any grave offence that day."

"You were very much annoyed, however, when a coarse

looking man, who had been eating onions, took the only spare seat, just beside you."

"Oh yes, that was shocking, especially as it was so windy and cold, that all the windows were closed."

"Your face expressed your disgust very plainly. He was vexed by the look you wore, and sat nearer to you and turned his face toward you much more than was actually necessary—and his purpose was to annoy you, for you had aroused bad feelings in him by that shrug of your shoulders and curl of your lip."

"I comprehend all you mean me to, Maria. I will not do such things again you may be very sure. But I am not alone in doing wrong in this way. I remember as if it were yesterday, seeing much mischief done once by a look. I was a very young girl, it is true; but I heard so much of the affair that it made quite an impression upon me."

"You know we used to board at Mrs. Ingersoll's, and she had two very pretty and quite accomplished daughters. Gerald Acton, the wealthy young Englishman, who afterwards married Emma Sandes, was just then engaged to Bell Ingersoll, who was worth a dozen Emmas in everything *but* dollars. One day, at the table, a servant carried to young Acton a piece of pudding covered with sauce, which Mrs. Ingersoll herself had made. He ate a little of it, and then pushed the plate from him with such an expression of almost loathing on his face, that Mrs. Ingersoll, who chanced to be looking towards him could not but see it. Of course she was annoyed—then angry ;

by-and-by something was said about it. Acton made no apology ; indeed, he said something which was insulting to Mrs. Ingersoll, who was a well-born and well-bred woman, though her husband's death had left her very poor. Bell resented the insult—and it ended in their engagement being broken off. It is true Bell did much better in marrying Mr. Haroldson, who had wit as well as wealth, but I believe Gerald Acton repents that unguarded look to this day, whenever he thinks of the superbly elegant Mrs. Haroldson."

"Very well Anna, dear ; now just remember how much good or ill a glance may do, and be more guarded another time."



CHAPTER XXVII.

IS WORK DEGRADING?

MAY I claim your attention again, young friends, to a subject which is often very erroneously considered by persons of your age? I have referred to it frequently; it is based on the golden rule, and it is for the consideration of the girl in the embroidered muslin, as much as for her in the calico dress and check apron.

Is service degrading? By *service* is meant any kind of aid or assistance which can be rendered to those around us. Is it *vulgar* to be usefully employed? Is it menial to take care of your own room, to aid in keeping the house neat, even to go into the kitchen to cook, if necessary; or to iron, or to clear-starch your own muslins, when you get old enough for such things? *I* think not. *I* call the *pride* which disdains such things *vulgar*, and the indolence which fears the effort contemptible.

I do not think it of much advantage to the intellect to engage in such occupations, but it is a healthful recreation *after* study; it has its own beneficial effect in conquering self-indulgence, and in exercising the faculties of observa-

tion and judgment. It makes people considerate, thoughtful, careful, which are womanly attributes; it encourages neatness and order, which are lady-like. It promotes good will and kindly feelings, and answers and strengthens loving impulses. It is a moral and physical influence for good.

I have a friend who has not the means of hiring a servant; she does everything for her household that can contribute to their health or comfort or happiness. Her house is neat, her table well supplied, her children properly cared for; and when evening comes and she sits by her little work-table repairing the wardrobes of the family, while her husband reads aloud to her some well-written book, I will dare to say her appreciation of it is equal to that of the most refined and elegant lady you can name. Indeed, the healthy tone of her mind, its strong, clear sense, its quickness and freshness, lend a zest to the pleasure which I fear the languid lady can never know.

When such service is not needed, it is no sin not to give it. But the less you do for others or yourself, the less you are inclined to do. It is so much easier to ask a servant for a glass of water, or to get you a book; it is so much easier, aye, and more *lady-like* you think, I know, to ring a bell for a servant to bring your guest refreshments, or to assist her in removing her things. "It is a servant's place to do such things; it is ungraceful and *fussy* and vulgar to do them yourself," you say. I think the most graceful thing in the world is the yielding of

such service to one you love or respect. *I* think the lady who *degrades* herself by such service has a very thin covering of lady-hood over an innately vulgar nature. She is afraid to stoop lest this vulgarity be evident. If she is too much of a lady to take care of her own room, if necessary, she is sufficiently vulgar to be willing to be surrounded by slovenliness.

"The windows might be so dirty that I could not see through them, and I would never wash them," said a young girl one day.

"My dear," I thought—she would not brook my saying it to her—"your dirty windows are vulgar, not your careful friend who desires to make them bright and clean."

Which is the lady, she who sits by an untidy hearth all day, or she who brushes or wipes it clean before she will sit by it?—she who carefully dusts her room, or she who hastily puts on a dress which has left "*carelessness*" written upon the half-wiped chair or upon the bedstead where it hung?

Which is the lady, she who calls up the weary maid-of-all-work from the kitchen to wait upon her, or she who goes into the kitchen and assists the tired girl at the ironing table?

I want to tell you of two circumstances which come, at this moment, to my memory, to assist you in your decision.

I knew two young ladies, cousins, in the South. Their

family was highly respectable, well connected, but impoverished. Ann was visiting at her uncle's. They could keep only two servants, who had all their time occupied by necessary house-hold labor. The weather was such as belongs to July. Fannie went down to the ironing room one day in every week, and spent most of this day over Ann's ruffles, white muslin dress and innumerable skirts. They were equally well educated, and in the evening they were equally well dressed and well looking; but Fannie, whose active, energetic nature was quickened by her healthful exercise—whose heart was glowing with true womanly life and love—was the charm of the group in the drawing-room. Fresh, vivid, sparkling, her clear, just ideas of life were charming, her piquancy most captivating. Was she less a lady than the gentle, languidly-graceful Annie?

Once I had the happiness of spending an evening in a singularly-interesting family. The mother was a lady of noble foreign birth. She had been brought up at a court, educated with the king's nieces, married a man of equally noble family, with her own; her oldest child was born heir to a princely estate, and was cradled in extreme luxury. But adversity came. The husband fell into disgrace; the estate was confiscated; he fled to save his life, and the lady and her little one fled with him.

When I knew them the husband was again in Europe, and Madame —— sustained herself, and her now three children, in a happy competency by teaching. I met at

her house—for she was recognized in the highest circles of the city as a lady—some of the most elegant and cultivated persons I have ever known. We had most excellent music on the harp, piano, and violin; all the family excelled as musicians.

Madame —— had collected a choice library of five hundred volumes in the various modern languages, in all of which she was skilled.

She conversed charmingly, and her daughters were becoming her rivals in accomplishments and graces.

There were two servants employed about the household, but none appeared in the drawing-room that evening except once. When refreshments were to be served, they deposited two trays on a side table, and from them Heinrich, Niña and Angelique supplied the company. They brought on smaller trays the dainty cups of *chocolât*, and the delicate cakes and bonbons. A Southern lady to whom this appeared strange, remarked it to another. Madame —— heard this almost involuntary remark.

“It is a custom which I find to be peculiar to my own country, but it pleases me to retain it here. When we wished to show honour to a guest in our own chateau, my father, my husband, or myself, for I was an only child, served him with the wine-cup, and suffered no menial to do anything for him. My children allow the servants to do as little as possible for myself, and they reciprocate all kindly offices amongst each other.”

I knew this family for several years. The eldest girl—

she who had opened her eyes to this world under a silken canopy, and whose apparelings had been the richest laces and embroideries—she, whom servants without number had vied with each other in serving—was now the little housekeeper. Every morning she went to market, she transacted for her mother all her out-door business, kept her books of accounts, attended to the comfort of the boarding pupils and to the family wardrobe.

In the course of a few years, Madame ——'s health failed. Her girls kept up the school as well as they could, but the strictest economy became necessary. One servant was dismissed, and Angelique and Niña took her place about the house. Angelique, the elder, became the milliner and dressmaker for the others. They were young, but they taught, worked, laboured for their mother, each other, and their young brother.

They have become noble women in such a sense as mere accidents of birth or circumstance could never ennoble them. They are ladies in every sense of this word. What says the little miss whose white hands never touched a broom or a duster, whose delicate shoes were never soiled on a wet pavement, who is vainly ignorant of all kitchen details, who could not make up a fire, or brush up a hearth, or remove finger marks from a door, or burnish the brass, or clear-starch her muslins? Which is the lady, she or Angelique?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT EDITH DID IN THE COUNTRY.

IT was very warm weather in August, and the parents of Edith Woodleigh decided that it would be much better for their lovely and delicate little daughter to leave the city for a few weeks, and pay meanwhile a visit to her father's aunt, an old lady living in a small country town, on the banks of the Hudson. Edith was delighted. She liked her elegant home in the city, with its luxurious appliances, and she took great pleasure in the slow drive with her mother down the gay Broadway, or out upon the Fifth Avenue or the Bloomingdale road. She was quite at home in the old "Parade Ground," which had been her haunt since she was carried there a baby in Susan's arms; and on the pleasant paths of Union Square, where she was in the habit of meeting her young companions, as they went to or returned from school. Edith herself had a governess at home, and hence enjoyed these casual meetings with those of her own age the more.

Still Edith was glad she was going out of town. She would be without mamma, who was going to Newport for her health, and to please her husband, who was very

proud still, of his beautiful wife. She would be without Miss Wyld, who was to pay a visit to her own family, and she begged even to be allowed to dispense with Susan's attendance. The little lady was evidently intent on a plan of her own ; we will see what it was.

Her father and mother accompanied her to Aunt Esther's, and after spending a day or two there, left her, a little amused at her dignified denial of any intention on her part of getting lonely, or tired of the country, or of waiting on herself.

"Who will look after your clothes, Edith?" said Mrs. Woodleigh, "and keep them mended and in order? Who will awaken you in the morning, and fasten your dresses and tie your sashes? Who will be plagued with keeping such locks as these out of tangle and in curl?"

"We will look after that, won't we, Aunt Esther?" replied the little girl. "I think I have just as good hands to work with as any one else, and I would as soon curl my own hair, and learn to fasten my own dresses, as to have to be dependent on the time or will or good-nature of servants, for I cannot have my good Susan always, you know, mamma."

"Oh very well, Miss Independence," said her father laughingly, "be anything but rude and ill-natured and troublesome, and we will see how much you can learn."

Aunt Esther was not poor, but she lived alone, in rather a small house, simply furnished, and had no servants to wait on her. The labour of the small household fell upon

a distant relative, whom she had taken years before to live with her, and who was much more a companion than a servant. She occupied herself much about the house, and found it pleasant and healthful to do so. Aunt Esther was very warm-hearted, most charitably disposed to all; and though she never had children of her own, she possessed a true woman's heart, which opened spontaneously to the claims of childhood. She had had at least a score of *protégés* in the past thirty years; some had died; some grown up to womanhood and settled far from her, still turned with reverence to the guardian and guide of their girlhood. Others, prepared by means of her wide-open purse for the situations, had become teachers, governesses, and otherwise fitted to do good, and provide for themselves. Such had been Aunt Esther's manner of benefitting others; and so that her house was supplied with comforts and conveniences, she, with her resources of heart and intellect, could well dispense with luxuries and elegancies.

Edith knew how the old lady lived, and with the quiet, delicate tact peculiar to herself, she knew precisely how to adapt herself to the surrounding circumstances. She was ready for her breakfast at six o'clock in the morning, though in town her breakfast hour was eight o'clock. She made her own toilette, as completely as though she had Susan's assistance, except that Miss Sarah had to fasten her dress; then, when she went to breakfast, she opened her windows and turned back her bed-clothes, as Aunt Esther did, to air them and the room.

After breakfast she tried to put her room in order, though Miss Sarah came in to do it. Edith would only allow her to show her how to do it, and the first morning she made the bed up twice over, to get the counterpane as straight and true and the pillows as even and high as possible. Every particle of dust was scrupulously wiped from the table, mantel, chairs and bureau, and the wash-stand was left in the most tidy condition.

All this accomplished, she sought out Aunt Esther and Miss Sarah; if she found them in their beautifully neat kitchen, she would beg to be allowed to wipe the cups and plates, or polish the glasses and spoons; or she would sit down on a little stool and shell beans, husk corn, assist in preparing fruit for the table, or in anything else in which she could aid.

"Hands were made for use, were they not, Aunt Esther?" she laughingly asked one day, when trying to remove the stains left by some berries she had been looking over. "They will come white again in good season, and Miss Wyld will not know they were ever stained."

"You are a curious child, Edith," said Miss Sarah. "I would keep my hands white if I were in your place. What do you want to do kitchen work for?"

"Oh, Miss Sarah, you know I make you a *little* more work and trouble, careful as I can be; and besides, if I do not, I should want to help you when I see you have so much to do."

"You are a nice child anyhow, Edith. You are a good

deal more of a lady than if you had stuck-up city airs, and turned up your nose at country people's plain ways."

"I like such ways, Miss Sarah. In the first place, it is so charming to be here with the fresh, sweet air blowing through those morning-glory vines, and the birds singing in the old horse-chesnut tree before the door, and the sound of the brook babbling down in the hollow. Oh, it's a thousand times nicer than our house in town, with such little close tucked-up garden and narrow flagwalk."

"But then you like handsome furniture and curtains and carpets, I know, Edith, and here it's very plain."

"Well, now you have finished peeling those potatoes, Miss Sarah, and have nothing else to do here till it is time to put your dinner on, just come, sit down in the sitting-room, and see if it's not easy to have pretty things anywhere."

Miss Sarah was soon seated in a low sewing chair by the open door, with her invariable "white work" in her hands, which did not know how to be still a moment. Edith established herself near her, in Aunt Esther's chair, the old lady having gone to her own room for a little while.

"Now see, Miss Sarah, does not the table look better with the cloth hanging down so far, making it look ample and graceful, and just showing the pretty curve at the end

of the table-leg instead of the long thin leg itself. Is not the celery-glass doing just as well standing on it with those few flowers in it, as put up in the closet all summer? There, now my open work-box is pretty on Aunt Esther's light stand; and this is a darling old arm-chair, just like the *antique* furniture every body raves about now-a-days."

Miss Sarah looked up as she was directed to do, and confessed to the added grace of the room; but her eye lingered longest on a part of the picture which Edith left out. She, the fair, sweet, graceful Edith, with her exquisite head bending over some work she had found, one small slippered foot showing, and her round white arm raised with the large needle in her hand. This was the prettiest picture, she felt, and that presence alone was enough to give any place an air of elegance.

"What are you sewing, Edith?"

"Oh don't look now, if you please, Miss Sarah. I am just learning to darn, and I thought I could do it well enough to darn the long rent in Aunt Esther's old clothes-pin bag, so I brought it in for that purpose."

"You comical, old-fashioned child. What grace do you find in darning; you who want to do graceful things, and make useful things graceful all the time?"

"You know if I could not darn well, I must sometimes have to throw away good and beautiful things, or wear them with great rents in them. Susan cannot darn neatly; and I have heard mamma often say it was a pity,

and wish *she* had learned to do it when she was younger. Now Miss Sarah, I am just determined to know how to do everything that I am strong enough to do. Then I shall always be able to take care of myself, and make other people comfortable. I want to be at home any where; I want to learn all I can from Aunt Esther and from yourself. Why, Aunt Esther was brought up with servants to wait on her, and had masters to teach her music and painting and dancing, and had to learn all these things when she was older, and understood better how to spend her money, than on servants and fine things. I heard papa and mamma talk about it. They admire her very much, though they live so differently; and I made up my mind last winter to come here this summer, and learn all I could from you and Aunt Esther, for I want to do all a woman can do, and know how to do it well too."

"You talk like a book, Edith, or like an old woman, I don't know which. I expect you are all right in what you say, but if I had your chance in New York, I guess I wouldn't want to learn how to make beds, and peel potatoes, and darn old bags."

"You are a darling child," said Aunt Esther, coming out of her own room. "I can trust you in your city home, Edith, with no fear of their spoiling you. It is sensible to learn all these things; and to want to make yourself useful and thus make others happy, is one of the noblest

impulses of our natures. You will have your mother's grace, child, for you inherit that; and you have a capacity for usefulness which she laments continually that she does not possess."



CHAPTER XXIX.

CURIOUS LUCY.

LUCY HASTINGS was a gentle girl, generally called amiable; very much liked by her young companions, and making very little trouble either at home or school. There would have been no exception to this remark, but for one very decided fault. It could not be denied that Lucy possessed, in a lamentable degree, the great failing which is said to be inherited from our first mother. She was tormented with *curiosity*.

Lucy was not destitute of a certain amount of tact, which, combined with the restraint of her mother's judicious counsels, enabled her to conceal her unfortunate propensity, though she could not conquer it; still its manifestations more than once involved her in most annoying and mortifying situations.

She would not stand beside or behind you and read a letter over your shoulder, for she had been taught that this was very ill-bred. But, if she found your desk lying open in your room, or your papers scattered about loosely, she would first make sure she would not be observed,

and then she would read, at her leisure, every scrap of writing from which she could hope to glean any information concerning the people about her, or their affairs. She had judgment enough not to use the knowledge thus obtained, in such a manner as to betray herself, though it required much restraint to prevent the betrayal. She really wished not to make mischief, she was only *irrepressibly curious*.

If left alone in a strange room, she would look behind every curtain, open every door, and peep into every drawer. She had not the wisdom given by age and experience, which would have enabled her to systematize her scrutiny, as did the wonderful "Madame Beck," who so cunningly possessed herself of every secret in "Villette," but it was from no want of a disposition to do so.

Mrs. Hastings was sorely tried by Lucy's fault. It was so degrading in its effects upon her character, and indicated so low a mind. She never failed to observe any manifestation of her propensity. She refrained from personal conversations in her presence. She never, before her, expressed any interest in the affairs of others; and Lucy knew if her mother was receiving a friend, she was not expected to be present in the room.

I remember once, when I was a guest of Mrs. Hastings, a lady called to see us, of whom Lucy had often heard us speak. A loud breathing near the door by which I sat, indicated to me, Lucy's presence in the hall, very likely with her ear to the key-hole; and no sooner had the lady

left the room to go to her carriage, than Lucy rushed through it to the front windows to obtain a glimpse of her.

Her mother said to her, "My daughter, if it had been at all necessary, or even desirable for you to see Mrs. Ellison, I would have called you into the room. If she had glanced up at these windows while entering the carriage, she would have seen Lucy Hastings convicted of a very unlady-like act."

Lucy blushed, and replied that she was only curious to see Mrs. Ellison, because she had heard so much of her beauty, and her exquisite taste in dress.

"She has promised to come here one evening this week, to be present at an entertainment I have planned. You could have seen her to much better advantage then. As you have chosen your own time for seeing her, I will excuse you from the room on that evening. She may have chanced to notice you at the window, and I should dislike to introduce to her, as my daughter, one whom she might recognize as 'Peeping Tom.'"

What a sad punishment! and though not the first or the last she had to endure, still Lucy deserved the name of "Peeping Tom of Coventry," whose curiosity exceeded his reverence for the good Godiva's heroic sacrifice.

When I returned to C., in the autumn, I begged Mrs. Hastings to allow Lucy to accompany me.

"If you will risk the consequences to yourselves or your friends, I shall not object. But you know all, and I need not warn you."

I assumed the responsibility willingly; for I loved her mother so tenderly, that I would have suffered much to be of any service to Lucy.

No special event marked our journey; indeed, Lucy was always on her guard, and was as near faultless as possible. I was pleased with her, and proud of her; she did not even cast curious glances at her travelling companions, but passed over all personal peculiarities, or oddities of dress, with that apparent absence of observation which characterizes the well-bred on such occasions.

My husband, and his young brother, a medical student just returned from abroad, were charmed with Lucy. My husband was aware of her failing, but young Dr. Manners saw only the perfection of modest, yet sensible and winning girlhood.

"What will she not be in two years more?" he whispered he to me.

"As faultless as she appears, I trust," I answered. He looked surprised, but said nothing more.

It was very warm still, though late in September. My large guest-chamber opened from Dr. Manner's smaller room, and he often used it when no guests were there, as being cooler than his own. After dinner, Frederic complained of a headache, and, as I wished him to go out with us in the evening, I begged him to go and lie down, saying I should do the same myself, as Mr. Manners was going out. I knew Lucy had a letter to write to her moth-

er, and, therefore, was not troubled to provide for her entertainment, during the hours to elapse before tea.

What passed in that guest-chamber that afternoon, Frederic told me months after, in explanation of a profound indifference to Lucy's attractions, which I observed after that day.

It seems he had lain down on the state bed, and drawn the curtains about him, ready for a reviving slumber, when the hall-door opened, and Lucy entered very cautiously, looking around to see that she was alone; and supposing herself to be so, she proceeded to amuse herself for half-an-hour, by inspecting the contents of the drawers in the bureau and wardrobe, by examining the closets, opening the fancy boxes on the toilet-table, and unfolding some fine garments of my own, which were lying on a chair. All this was done with such a curious scrutiny, and so noiselessly, as to reveal an adept in the art of prying. Dr. Manners was astonished beyond measure. He had hesitated at first about making his presence known, because his toilet was, just then, very anti-Parisian. He preserved his *incognito*, because almost too much surprised to speak; and also, that he would not mortify Lucy by letting her know he had been a witness to her fault.

Imagine then, his consternation when she drew near the bed and held aside the rich curtain which had chiefly screened him. He says he met her confounded gaze calmly, and almost sadly. She knew in a moment that

he must have seen her whole performance, and stung with mortification, she hastened from the room.

Would not this have sufficed for the cure of any one? But Lucy appeared incorrigible. One terrible lesson, however, seemed at last to prove salutary.

When the next summer came, I was again visiting Mrs. Hastings. The mortifications and reproofs of the year before, of which I have given no exaggerated instances, had been of service, and I rejoiced in the evident improvement I observed.

Once we were invited to pass the evening at the house of an English lady, a valued friend of Lucy's mother. I supplicated in Lucy's behalf, that she might be allowed to accompany us, as she was included in the invitation.

"Can you remember you are a lady, and not a spy, or a police officer, Lucy?"

"I will try, mamma."

"The house is really noted for the rare and beautiful things it contains, my daughter. But I am sure that everthing Mrs. Erskine is willing for us to see, will be placed where we can observe it at our leisure. There will be temptations, Lucy; can you withstand them?"

In much confusion, Lucy again promised; and when the appointed evening came, we went to the house of this lady, whose husband and sons being in the East Indian service, had made their home a curiosity shop.

Lucy was enchanted. Anna Erskine was assiduous in her endeavours to keep her young guest constantly

amused, and Lucy wondered and admired, till she was spent with the charming sensations awakened.

"Here," said Annie, "is mamma's own private cabinet, we can open all the drawers, however, but this one," pointing to one opening with a spring.

There they viewed precious stones, costly fans, a tiara of jewels which would have become an Indian Begum, dainty shells, fine carving, tiny stuffed birds, of wondrous brilliancy of plumage; it was almost a fairy treasury of beautiful things.

"Annie, will you assist me a moment?" said Mrs. Erskine, who was trying to make a place for a large portfolio of Chinese paintings.

Annie hastened to her mother's aid, and Lucy was left alone for a moment in the alcove, by the cabinet, with that private draw in view. "It is just like Uncle Horace's cabinet, and I suppose this private drawer opens as his does," she said to herself, suiting the action to the word; the spring was pressed, the private drawer flew open, and Lucy had only time for a glance at its contents, before she was startled by a groan behind her, and she turned to see Mrs. Erskine falling in a swoon.

The lady had come to her cabinet for the key of the port-folio, and as she bent over to take it, the open drawer met her eye. It was no wonder that she fainted. When General Erskine had last gone out to India, he had taken with him, as a cadet in his regiment, their youngest son, a fair-haired youth, scarcely twenty years of age. In a

year's time, the brave boy was lying beneath that burning sun, with a bullet in his temple, and those flaxen curls were dabbled with his blood. Such a lock the Spartan father sent home to the more tender mother. It was a most priceless treasure to the mourning woman; but one she dared not trust herself to look upon, except, when on her knees before God—who gave and took from her, her boy,—and then she looked on it with a Christian's faith and a Christian's resignation.

Lucy had heard of Walter Erskine's death, she had seen him often, and knew the stained curl to be all the mother could treasure of her darling. In a moment, the whole truth flashed upon her. She buried her face in her hands, and crouched on the floor at the door of the cabinet. No one spoke to her; her "punishment was greater than she could bear."



CHAPTER XXX.

DIRECTIONS FOR LETTER-WRITING.

HAPPENING to look over some very old letters, a few days since, I discovered a scrap of pencilled paper, containing part of a letter I had written to my mother when I was a school-girl, away from home. I was but twelve years old when I was first separated from my mother, who was my only living parent. It was my habit to write to her once a month. I was nearly five hundred miles from her, and letters did not go over the country then as fast as they do now; so they were not written so frequently. I was not sorry I had such long intervals to prepare mine in, for though I loved my mother very much, I had a great dread of letter-writing.

In order to have my letter as correct as possible, I frequently used to write what I wished to say, first on a slate, or on paper with a pencil, and then copy it. Judging from the scraps which I found, my mother must have had almost as great a dread of my letters as I had myself, for they were shocking productions, so far as hand-writing, spelling, and grammar were concerned. What labour it

was to be sure, and how I envied those who possessed a facility I have myself now, which enabled them to write three or four sheets in a forenoon! My head throbbed, my neck ached, and my fingers were all stiff, and stained up with ink, when I had finished half a sheet, which was the usual length of my epistles.

I remember when I was trying to give my letters a "genteel" or graceful look! I commenced half way down the page, or lower still; I was scrupulous to put the date at the *end* of the letter; I delighted in coloured papers, such as pale green, or pink, or blue, and used fancy coloured wax. I think, when I had finished, I must have made up a very vulgar-looking affair; "genteel" in the vulgar acceptance of the word, but any thing else than elegant or graceful; for I must not omit to mention that the address was always crowded close into the lower right hand corner.

My ideas of what is proper and elegant (for I have discarded the word "genteel" from my vocabulary) have changed since I was twelve, or even fifteen years of age. I have discovered that there are several essentials—or desirables, I might say, in place of essentials—which may very much aid the effect of a good clear style of chirography.

Be sure first that your *hand-writing* is distinct. The Italian or running hand is most graceful and lady-like, but you must be careful not to sacrifice legibility to grace. Very large capital letters are in bad taste for ladies; so

are flourishes, which, indeed, are out of place *every where*, unless in a business letter.

You will find a quill *pen*, which you can soon learn to make for yourself, much pleasanter to use, and more conducive to a good hand, than either steel or gold pens can be. You can acquire a graceful, characteristic style of chirography, with double ease, by using quill pens.

White paper is in better taste than coloured, even than the delicate *blue*, which finds favour with some. The finest kind of white paper is called "cream laid," and has a softened tinge, that takes away the hard whiteness which distinguishes that in common use.

Envelopes should be of the same colour as the paper, and the sheet should always be folded to suit their size. Be careful not to put too large or thick sheets into small envelopes; it is in bad taste, and is, like crowding a fat hand into a small glove, a clumsy, awkward proceeding. Do not use too *fine* envelopes, when the letter must go through the mail; a plain, strong envelope, is the proper one. A richly stamped envelope, or one with coloured flowers or figures upon it, prepared for the post office, is very tawdry and vulgar.

Seals are always most elegant, though they are less indispensable than they were before the invention of "adhesive" or self-sealing envelopes. Red, or vermilion wax, is the best, and most suitable; not brick red, but the bright red of the pomegranate flower. If you use fancy

seals, select them with reference to the general tone of your correspondence, or particular seals for particular friends or relatives. You can easily get your own initials engraved upon a seal, and that is in very good taste. You can also have your initials stamped upon your letter paper, note paper and envelopes, in the large cities. Then put a white wafer under the stamp in sealing an envelope, or use a little red wax at the edge of the envelope, below the stamp.

Ink must be black; not *red* black, or *brown* black, but a good *blue* black; neither too pale, nor too thick. If you write on a portfolio, you will find blotting paper fastened in it; do not forget to use it. If you use a desk, have some blotting paper in it, and ready for use. The use of sand is only justifiable in business letters, where persons are allowed to write too rapidly, and hurry too much to attend to the nicer points of letter-writing. Fancy a lady opening a letter, and having her white dress, or delicate silk, or spotless gloves, deluged with black sand!

In regard to the *address*. *Give yourself plenty of room*. If the name is a long one, commence nearly at the left hand of the envelope; write as straight as possible, and very legibly—especially the name of the town or city, or post-office. Commence quite at the middle of the envelope, even for a short address; nothing looks worse than to see one crowded.

I think I have now given such directions for the ex-

ternals of a letter, that, by attending to them, you can avoid sending off any clumsy, or tawdry looking epistles. I shall, in another letter, give some directions for the *inside*, which I hope you will read attentively.



CHAPTER XXXI.

DIRECTIONS FOR LETTER-WRITING—CONTINUED.

I HAVE given various directions for the external portion of the epistle. It will be readily conceded by all that the contents of a letter are, after all, the most important part. A person would be inclined to excuse inelegancies of paper, folding, sealing, etc., if the letter revealed, within, indications of a heart and mind cultivated and refined; though one who could write an elegant letter, would hardly be likely to forfeit his character for refinement by clumsy externals.

It was once considered quite "the fashion" to commence in the middle, or below the middle of the page. But it is a much more sensible mode of proceeding to commence writing at the distance of about two inches from the top of the page, unless it is a formal or business letter, in which all that is necessary can be said in two or three lines. *In this case, commence so as to leave the same distance above, as will be left below, the writing.* This is a rule to be observed in writing notes of invitation, etc.

When a short letter, or note, is to be written, it is cus-

tomary and graceful to place the date at the bottom, a little below the signature, and on the opposite side from it. But in writing business or social letters, it is a better way to put it in the usual place, at the top of the letter. In a business letter, it is more convenient for reference, and, in a friendly letter, there is less danger that it will be forgotten.

Avoid the use of *figures* in your letters, except in the date; they detract from the elegance of the epistle, giving it a business appearance. Express in words any sum you may have occasion to mention.

Be extremely careful that you use capital letters correctly, even in a familiar letter. Never write the day of the week, or the name of the month, without spelling it with a capital letter. Punctuate correctly, and use capitals to commence all new paragraphs and sentences; this is desirable to render your letter intelligible, as well as elegant. The dash, in punctuation, is more allowable in a letter than in a book, still it should be used sparingly; its indefiniteness renders it a favourite with young people, who are uncertain as to the proper punctuation.

Do not write a letter in which various subjects are referred to, without making new paragraphs whenever the subject is changed. In making paragraphs, commence them at the same distance from the margin that you will see them in a book, or in any printed matter. It is a common fault to commence a paragraph about half way be-

tween the two margins, or nearer the right hand margin than the left, which is in bad taste.

In regard to commencing the letter, in a formal manner, I would advise you to study to be as easy as possible, without affectation; which by the way, is to be avoided in every thing about the letter, quite as much as in any other mode of intercourse with the world. Do not have any regular way of beginning, but let your feelings at the time, or towards the person to whom you are writing, or the circumstances in which you may be writing, direct the mode of commencing.

Avoid too great familiarity, as well as too much formality, with your friends. Be playful, affectionate and frank. Use no *slang* phrases; make no coarse expressions or allusions; remember that the mere common-places of affection, sympathy and morality, add neither to the grace nor interest of a letter; do not use quotations, unless they are unmistakably apt; avoid all pedantic expressions, or foreign phrases; be simple; be earnest and true.

Indulge in wit or banter with judicious moderation; make no extravagant expressions of admiration or affection; be careful how you say anything sarcastic, or bitter or otherwise unamiable; for you must remember that what might be overlooked in conversation, as the result of carelessness, or might be forgotten, will be remembered with much greater consideration, and receives a stronger authority from the fact that it is written down as

the result of one's cool and deliberate opinion. Never write what you would be afraid to have a third person see, or what you would be ashamed to own or read again. Above all things, *never write an anonymous letter*, than which nothing is more cowardly and dishonourable!

Be very respectful when writing to those older than yourself, particularly to your parents, who deserve so much honour and love. Be careful how you use harsh words, if you must give reproof; they will rankle long after you have forgotten them, and produce bitter fruit. If you are writing to any one who has paid you any attention, or done you a favour, however slight, acknowledge it as gracefully as you can, and express in all sincerity, the gratitude you feel. It is the height of rudeness to write to one who has done you a favour and make no mention of it; no matter how near the relationship, or how great the familiarity between you.

It is considered polite, in ordinary letters of friendship, to write to the middle of the fourth page, leaving that part of the letter, which will be outside when folded, a blank; but this is a mere matter of etiquette, as the envelope will keep it neat, and cover all you say. In these days of cheap postage, it is inexcusable to write too closely, or to cross your letters, rendering them difficult to read. It is etiquette under the new postage law, to prepay your

letters, unless you write to some one who particularly requests you not to do so. At nearly all post offices, there are stamps for sale, and every one should have them in possession and ready for use.



CHAPTER XXXII.

EPISTOLARY EXPERIENCES.

I HAVE referred to my own trouble in regard to learning to write letters. I can assure you I have endured many mortifications and experienced more than one disappointment on account of my deficiencies as a letter-writer. Whatever the reason might be, whether because I thought much faster than my pen could trace the words, or simply because I was careless and inaccurate, I was continually brought into difficulty by my bad habit of leaving out words, and also by a wonderfully awkward way I had of involving my meaning in such a labyrinth of a sentence, that it took a great deal of guessing to understand what I intended to say.

Once in particular I wrote from school to my mother, in regard to a box of various things which she was preparing to send me. It was quite a fashion amongst the girls to wear broad, embroidered ruffles in the necks of their dresses. I was very desirous of possessing one, and wrote to my mother—"please send me an embroidered as the girls were all wearing them."

The box came early, but she stated in the letter which I found in it, that she could not possibly imagine what I so much desired. She thought of slippers, aprons, mantillas, etc., but finally concluded, to settle the question by sending me nothing of the kind, hoping the disappointment would serve as a lesson to me, and make me more careful for the future. I remembered the lesson for a long while, and carefully read over all my letters, to supply any missing words, before closing them for the mail.

At quite an early age, I had a correspondent, who was five or six years my senior, and who was vastly my superior as a scholar. His letters were quite perfect; even now I look them over and say, "they are unexceptionable." I was proud and happy when I took the daintily folded, eloquently sealed epistle in my hand, and read my name upon it, in the most graceful characters imaginable. But oh! when the time came to answer that letter, how troubled, mortified, entirely dissatisfied I was with every thing I could do. The paper *would* get blotted, the writing was *so* scrawled and straggling, the folding *so* clumsy; and the seal—that was a complete *botch*. In vain I supplied myself with fine paper, good pens, and vermilion wax—I could not complete an elegant epistle.

Then I fell into another mistake in getting out of the way of these mortifications. I practiced a delicate crow-quill style of writing, fair and graceful to behold, but utterly illegible; my dearest friends grew discouraged and

hesitated to forgive such impositions, and, when the printers looked at it, they could not restrain their wrath. Many times, with tears of vexation in my eyes, I was ready to declare I never would write another line, unless *compelled* to do so. I speak from a sober, yes, bitter experience therefore, when I beg my young friends *to take pains* with their chirography and learn to write legible, elegant letters.

I have a friend who was distinguished at school, for her pure and accurate style of writing. There were no erasures, no interlineations, no equivocally written words in her manuscript. She also excelled as a mathematician. Now see what she could do for others—what good this real accomplishment enabled her to perform. Her husband's health failed, and it was thought he must give up an important and lucrative office which he held, being quite unable to attend to its duties. But time passed on, and he still retained it. The business was carefully and faithfully done. The business letters were models in their way; so pointed, legible, prompt, and neatly written. The books of the institution were kept accurately and quite elegantly. There were no blunders made in calculations, no mistakes of any kind. Such a secretary was seldom seen, and again and again, the society expressed its satisfaction.

By and by, the gentleman having recovered his health resumed his duties; and then, for the first time, it was known that his excellent and accomplished wife had trans-

acted his business for him for eighteen months. Was she not a treasure?

It is no reason for not attending to this subject that you may never expect to write for the printer, and no excuse for a slovenly style that only your friends will see it. An ill written letter shows as much want of respect for your friends, and a lack of self respect too, as a carelessly arranged, untidy dress. A lady, or gentleman should avoid both, to be truly consistent in character.

Let me give you a caution here against another extreme, which is to be avoided. Be careful how you give your letters, or manuscript of any kind, a stiff or cramped appearance, by too great attention to accuracy. A running hand, when easily read, is by far the most pleasant, as it is the most beautiful for ladies.

Gentlemen are generally, now, avoiding the huge capitals and great flourishes, which were once esteemed so admirable. Such things are airs and affectations, as unbecoming in a letter as huge bows to their cravats, or gaudy colours in their dresses. It is not beneath a man to bestow some care and thought on the *elegance* of his letters, as well as on their distinctness and aptness of style and character. I have a friend who has a certain degree of fastidiousness in his tastes, and who could not be prevailed upon, even in these days, to use a self-sealing envelope. While traveling recently in a remote and almost barbarous section of the country, his epistles to his friends were still marked by the fine taste which characterizes all he does. They

were neat in appearance, graceful in style, and invariably sealed with the finest wax, stamped with his initials. Yet: I will venture to say, he expended no more time or thought over those letters than was perfectly proper in the hurried or incommoded tourist. He had become accustomed to *elegant* letters, and he could not write or dispatch any other kind.

Grant me one word in conclusion, my young friends. I have tried to give you hints on politeness in all circumstances; and I want to impress upon you this truth—you must be *habitually polite*, or you may as well cease to be *ladies* or *gentlemen*. There is always an awkwardness in our manner of performing occasional actions; there will be times of forgetfulness, when, if you have not the habit of true politeness, you will be ready to forfeit your claim to these coveted titles.

To ensure the formation of the habit, the impulse which prompts it must be genuine and from the heart. Learn to feel kindly to all; to respect all goodness and virtue; to honour age, and “love your neighbour as yourself;” thus will you learn “HOW TO BEHAVE, BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD.”

THE END.



Richards, Cornelia Holroyd Bradley

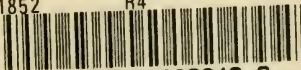
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